TERROR

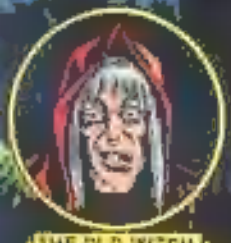
TALES FROM THE CRYPT

NO. 26

10¢

FEATURING...

THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

OUTRAGEOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

TERROR

NO. 10
DEC

TALES FROM THE CRYPT®

2.00
2.75
CANADA

FEATURING...

THE CRYPT-KEEPER

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

QUICKLY! LIFT OUT HIS COFFIN! HE DOESN'T BELONG IN OUR SACRED GRAVEYARD! HE DESECRATES THE VERY GROUND IN WHICH HE'S BURIED!

BACK ISSUES!!

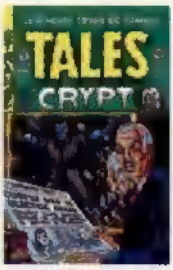
THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE **FAMOUS** (AND INFAMOUS!) **EC COMICS** LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE **FIRST ISSUE** OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE **BITTER END!** GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND **FILL IN THE GAPS** IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!!

CRYPT #1

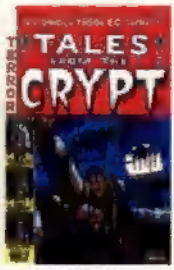
CRYPT #2

CRYPT #3

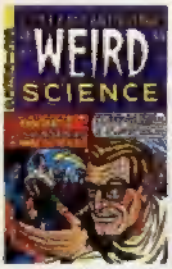
CRYPT #4



CRYPT #5



CRYPT #6



W SCI #1

W SCI #2

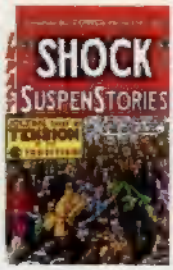
W SCI #3

W SCI #4

W SCI #5

W SCI #6

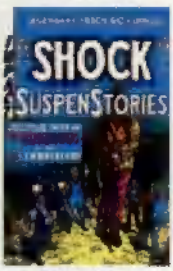
SHOCK #1



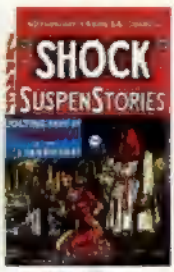
SHOCK #2

SHOCK #3

SHOCK #4



SHOCK #5



SHOCK #6

EACH 32-PAGE COMIC REPRINTS THE COVER AND ENTIRE STORY CONTENT OF ITS 1950s PREDECESSOR, IN FULL COMIC BOOK COLOR IN STANDARD COMIC BOOK FORMAT. THEY ARE RELEASED ON QUARTERLY SCHEDULES.

OTHER TITLES IN THE LINE ARE: **VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY, TWO-FISTED TALES, HAUNT, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY** AND **CRIME!** THE BACKLIST ON EVERY TITLE REPRESENTS THE SAME ISSUE SPAN AS THOSE ILLUSTRATED ABOVE. SEE THE AD IN THIS COMIC TO **SUBSCRIBE** TO ANY OR EVERY TITLE!

WHEN ORDERING PLEASE IDENTIFY AS **32-PG TITLE ISSUE #?**; FOR EXAMPLE "**32PG SHOCK #1.**" 32PG CRYPT #1, $3 EACH (SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY); ALL OTHERS UP THRU #3, $1.50 EACH; ALL TITLES ISSUE #4 AND UP $2 EACH. INCLUDE $5 PER ORDER FOR S&H ($10 OUTSIDE US).

US FUNDS ONLY — **PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE**

MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6.225% SALES TAX — **MARYLAND RESIDENTS MUST ADD 5% SALES TAX**

GEMSTONE PUBLISHING 417-256-2224 POB 469 WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

OR TO ORDER CALL **1-800-EC CRYPT** AND ASK FOR THE ORDER DESK. **USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!**

Tales from the Crypt (USPS 008606) Vol. 1, No 10, December 1994, published quarterly in September, December, March and June by Gemstone Publishing, 202 Aid, West Plains, MO 65775-3532. **Second-class postage paid at West Plains, MO.** Entire contents © 1994 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. Tales from the Crypt #26 © 1951 by I.C. Publishing Co., Inc., re © 1979 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. All rights reserved. Nothing herein contained may be reproduced without the written permission of William M. Gaines, New York, New York. Annual subscription rate $8 ($12 outside US payable in US funds). Printed in U.S.A. **Postmaster: send address changes to Tales from the Crypt, Russ Cochran, PO Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775-0469.**

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELCOME TO THE *CRYPT OF TERROR*, HORROR FIENDS! YES, IT'S *ME* AGAIN ... *THE CRYPT-KEEPER!* ONCE MORE I AM YOUR HOST IN MY MAD-MAG, *TALES FROM THE CRYPT!* FOR MY FIRST OFFERING, I HAVE CHOSEN... FROM MY VAST COLLECTION OF *TERROR YARNS* THAT I KEEP IN MY *CRYPT*...A FAVORITE OF MINE! IT'S A *CHILLING* STORY OF *VOODOO* AND *REVENGE!* I CALL THIS LITTLE EPIC...

DRAWN AND QUARTERED!

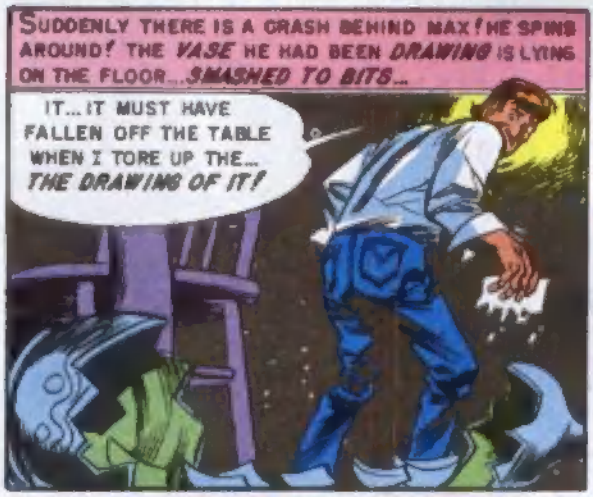
THE YOUNG ARTIST YOU ARE WATCHING IS MAX MOOR! HE IS A RECENT ARRIVAL IN HAITI! HE HAS SPENT HIS LAST PENNY TO COME HERE! BACK HOME IN THE STATES, MAX WAS A FAILURE! FENTON BREEDLY, THE ART CRITIC, SAID HIS WORK WAS POOR! ARTHUR GREEN, THE ART DEALER, COULDN'T SELL A PICTURE! AND SO, LAWRENCE DILTANT, THE FAMOUS ART COLLECTOR, HAD BOUGHT UP EVERY PAINTING THAT MAX HAD DONE, CHEAP! IT HAD BEEN ENOUGH TO BRING MAX HERE... TO HAITI... THE ISLAND OF VOODOO!
LATER, IN A SMALL INSECT-RIDDEN BAR, MAX SITS DEJECTEDLY AT A TABLE...
MAX! MAX MOOR! YOU OLD GENIUS...
BOB! BOB DICKSON! WHAT A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!
THE NEWCOMER GREETS MAX WITH A WARM HANDSHAKE AND SITS DOWN.
SAY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ROUGHING IT? YOU ARTISTS ARE ALL ALIKE! SHABBY CLOTHES...
IF I COULD AFFORD BETTER I'D BUY IT, BOB!
DON'T GIVE ME THAT, MAX! ANY ARTIST WHO GETS FIVE GRAND A PICTURE...
WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I NEVER SOLD A PICTURE FOR MORE THAN FIFTY BUCKS BACK IN THE STATES!
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I SAW ONE OF YOUR PAINTINGS GO FOR FIVE GRAND! IT WAS AT THE ARTHUR GREEN GALLERIES! LARRY DILTANT SOLD IT...
BUT... BREEDLY! FENTON BREEDLY, THE CRITIC, SAID MY PAINTINGS WERE BAD... SHOWED NO TALENT!
YEAH? WELL, FENTON BREEDLY CHANGED HIS MIND! HIS COLUMNS CALL YOU A GENIUS... A MASTER! SAY... YOU STILL HAVE YOUR WORK, DON'T YOU?
THAT'S JUST IT! I SOLD THEM ALL... EVERY PICTURE... TO LARRY DILTANT...
SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'VE BEEN TAKEN FOR A RIDE, MAX!
BOB! CAN YOU LET ME HAVE SOME MONEY? I... I'LL NEED IT... TO BUY MY REVENGE...
2

AND SO, LATE THAT NIGHT, MAX MOOR LEAVES PORT-AU-PRINCE AND TRAVELS INTO THE JUNGLES OF HAITI...FOLLOWING THE SOUND OF THE VOODOO DRUMS! SOON HE REACHES A CLEARING! DARK-SKINNED NATIVES ARE DANCING AND CHANTING...
GO AWAY, WHITE MAN! THIS NOT FOR YOU! GO AWAY!
I'VE COME TO BUY VOODOO! I HAVE...MONEY!
MAX IS LED INTO A THATCHED HUT WHERE A WRINKLED OLD NATIVE HUDDLES OVER A SMALL FIRE...
HE SAY HE COME TO BUY VOODOO!
WHAT DO YOU WANT VOODOO FOR...WHITE MAN?
REVENGE! THREE MEN HAVE STOLEN FROM ME, AND I WANT REVENGE...
AFTER MAX TELLS THE OLD NATIVE HIS STORY...
YOU SAY YOU ARE ARTIST! YOU MAKE GOOD PICTURES?
I THINK SO!
THE WRINKLED OLD MAN PUTS A SMALL POT UPON THE FIRE AND BEGINS A WEIRD CHANT! THEN HE TURNS TO MAX...
PLACE YOUR HAND... HAND YOU PAINT WITH...INTO BOILING CONTENTS OF POT!
BUT I'LL SCALD MYSELF!
YOU WANT VOODOO? YOU MUST DO IT!
OKAY! OKAY! BUT IF THAT STUFF IS AS HOT AS IT LOOKS, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PAINT AGAIN...
MAX HESITATES! HE STARES DOWN AT THE FOUL-SMELLING, GURGLING, STEAMING CONTENTS IN THE POT! SUDDENLY HE PLUNGES HIS RIGHT HAND INTO THE BUBBLING BREW...
WH...WHY IT DIDN'T BURN!
VOODOO IS FINISHED! VOODOO IS YOURS! GIVE ME...MONEY!
WHAT? IS THAT ALL? SAY! WHAT IS THIS? DON'T I GET ONE OF THOSE DOLLS TO STICK PINS INTO?
YOU ARE...ARTIST! YOU CAN DRAW! YOU DON'T NEED DOLL! NOW YOU GO...

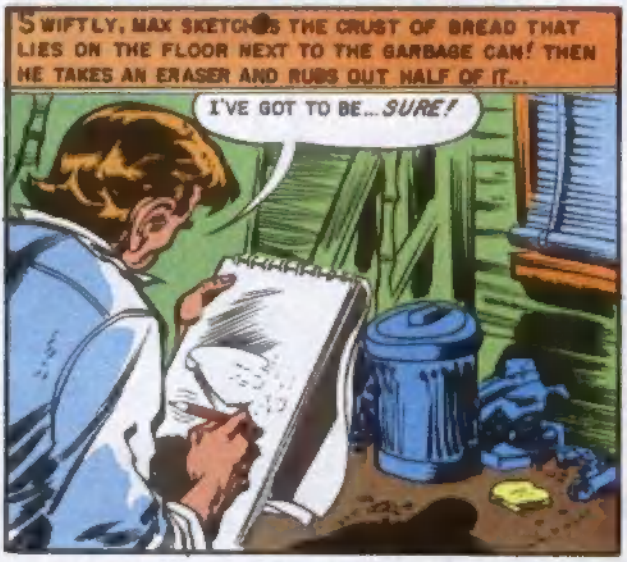
MAX CURSES THE OLD MAN FOR CHEATING HIM AND STAMPS OUT OF THE HUT! LATER... IN HIS SHABBY STUDIO... MAX PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON HIS SELF-PORTRAIT...
BLASTED NATIVE! I MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY TO THINK I COULD GET REVENGE WITH VOODOO...

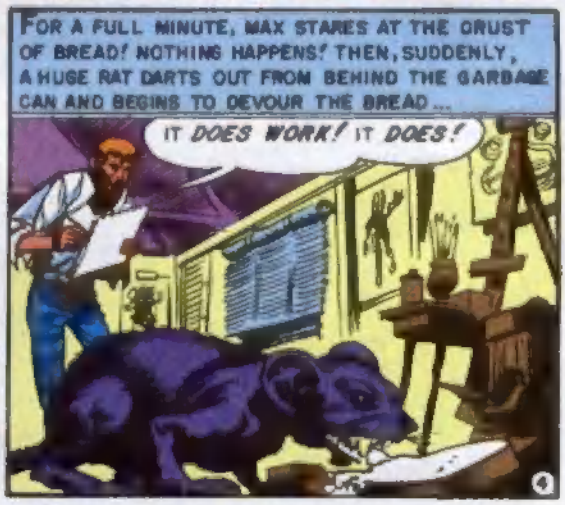
THAT NIGHT, MAX CANNOT SLEEP! FINALLY HE GETS OUT OF BED... SITS DOWN AT THE TABLE... AND IDLY BEGINS TO SKETCH THE VASE THERE...
I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE STATES... AND GET THOSE DIRTY...

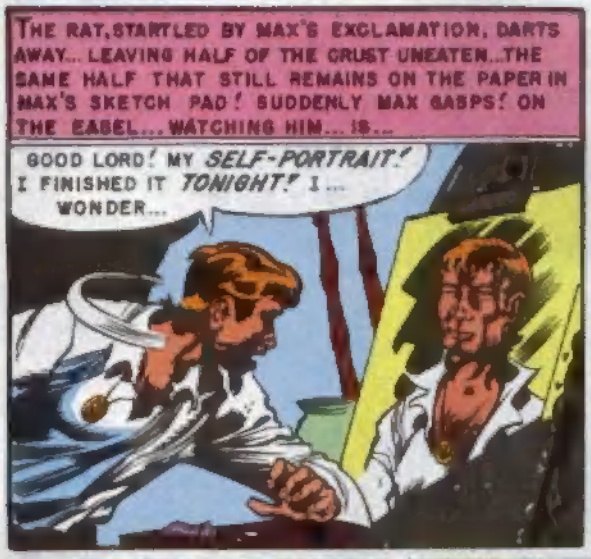
ANGRILY MAX RIPS THE DRAWING OF THE VASE FROM HIS SKETCH PAD AND TEARS IT INTO TINY PIECES...
THEY OWE ME PLENTY! IF THEY DON'T COME ACROSS, I'LL TEAR EACH OF THEM LIMB FROM LIMB LIKE THIS...


SUDDENLY THERE IS A CRASH BEHIND MAX! HE SPINS AROUND! THE VASE HE HAD BEEN DRAWING IS LYING ON THE FLOOR...SMASHED TO BITS...
IT... IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF THE TABLE WHEN I TORE UP THE... THE DRAWING OF IT!

MAX STARES IN HORROR AT THE PIECES OF PAPER IN HIS HAND...
IT... IT'S ...VOODOO!


SWIFTLY, MAX SKETCHES THE CRUST OF BREAD THAT LIES ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO THE GARBAGE CAN! THEN HE TAKES AN ERASER AND RUBS OUT HALF OF IT...
I'VE GOT TO BE...SURE!

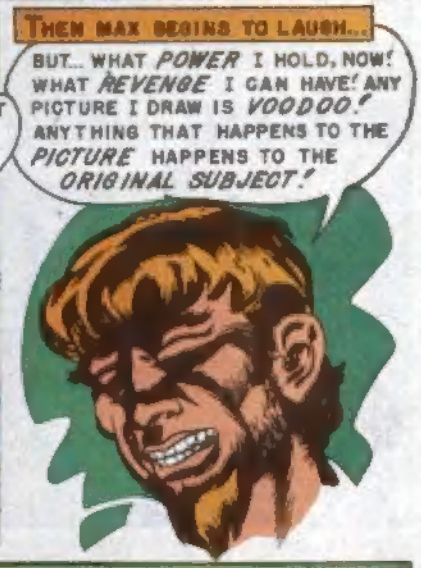

FOR A FULL MINUTE, MAX STARES AT THE CRUST OF BREAD! NOTHING HAPPENS! THEN, SUDDENLY, A HUGE RAT DARTS OUT FROM BEHIND THE GARBAGE CAN AND BEGINS TO DEVOUR THE BREAD...
IT DOES WORK! IT DOES!


THE RAT, STARTLED BY MAX'S EXCLAMATION, DARTS AWAY... LEAVING HALF OF THE CRUST UNEATEN...THE SAME HALF THAT STILL REMAINS ON THE PAPER IN MAX'S SKETCH PAD! SUDDENLY MAX GASPS! ON THE EASEL... WATCHING HIM... IS...
GOOD LORD! MY SELF-PORTRAIT! I FINISHED IT TONIGHT! I... WONDER...

MAX TAKES HIS PALETTE KNIFE AND SCRATCHES A SMALL NICK IN THE PORTRAIT'S CHEEK! THEN HE SITS DOWN TO WAIT! NOTHING HAPPENS! SOON MAX'S HEAD BEGINS TO NOD! SLEEP CREEPS UPON HIM! THEN, AS HE DOZES OFF... HE TOPPLES FORWARD.

THE FALL AWAKENS HIM! HE LIES SPRAWLED, FACE DOWNWARD ON THE FLOOR! THERE IS A BURNING SENSATION ON HIS CHEEK! MAX PUTS HIS HAND TO HIS FACE AND FEELS SOMETHING WET AND STICKY...
BLOOD! I... I CUT MY FACE ON THE BROKEN VASE WHEN I FELL...

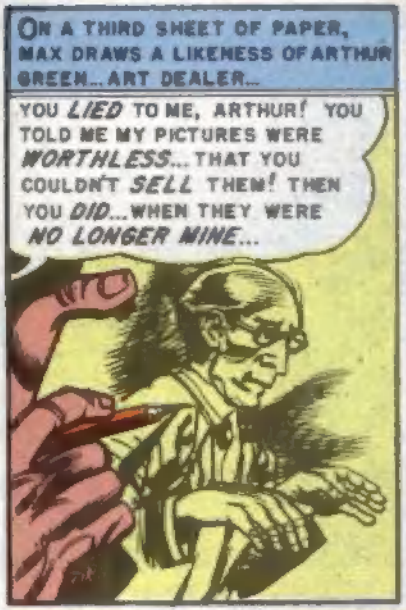
MAX STARES WIDE-EYED IN HORROR AT HIS SELF-PORTRAIT! IT SEEMS TO BE SMILING AT HIM...
OH LORD! MY PORTRAIT IS VOODOO, TOO! I CAN'T DESTROY IT! I'VE GOT TO PROTECT IT FROM HARM!


THEN MAX BEGINS TO LAUGH...
BUT... WHAT POWER I HOLD, NOW! WHAT REVENGE I CAN HAVE! ANY PICTURE I DRAW IS VOODOO! ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS TO THE PICTURE HAPPENS TO THE ORIGINAL SUBJECT!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, WITH A LOAN FROM BOB DICKSON, MAX FLIES TO NEW YORK... HIS PRECIOUS SELF-PORTRAIT UNDER HIS ARM...
FIRST THING I'VE GOT TO DO IS PUT THIS PORTRAIT WHERE IT WILL BE SAFE!

MAX GOES STRAIGHT TO HIS OLD STUDIO APARTMENT BUILDING! HARRY HALLEY, HIS EX-LANDLORD WHO HAD THROWN HIM OUT FOR NON-PAYMENT OF RENT, ANSWERS THE DOOR...
WELL! MAX MOOR! I SUPPOSE YOU WANT YOUR OLD STUDIO BACK, EH? WELL, IF YOU PAY ME THE BACK RENT... YOU CAN HAVE IT!
HERE'S YOUR BACK RENT AND A MONTH IN ADVANCE...

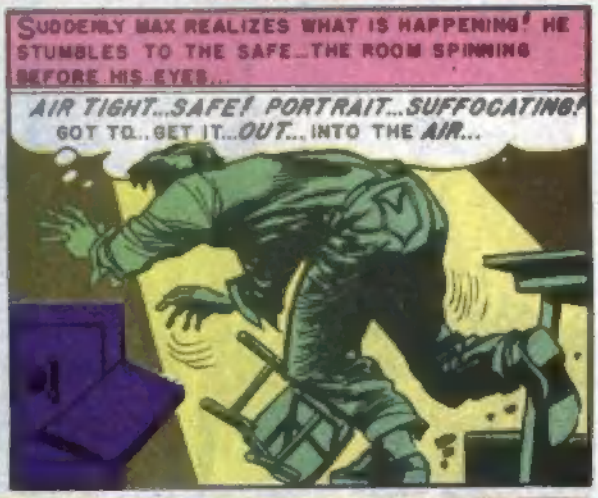
THEN MAX BUYS A SAFE... LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD HIS SELF-PORTRAIT...
THERE! NOW I CAN BEGIN TO TAKE MY REVENGE! MY PORTRAIT WILL BE SAFE IN THERE!
MAX TAKES A SHEET OF DRAWING PAPER AND SKETCHES A PICTURE OF HARRY HALLEY, THE LANDLORD...
ONCE YOU KICKED ME OUT, MR. HALLEY...WHEN I WAS BROKE!
MAX TAKES AN ERASER AND RUBS OUT ONE OF MR. HALLEY'S LEGS...
WELL, NOW...YOU'LL KICK NO MORE...
SUDDENLY, OUTSIDE...THERE IS A SHRIEK OF BRAKES AND A SCREAM OF PAIN! MAX GOES TO THE WINDOW! ON THE STREET, A CROWD HAS GATHERED! MR. HALLEY ...MAX'S LANDLORD...HAS BEEN RUN OVER BY A CAR...
HIS LEG IS CRUSHED! WE'LL HAVE TO AMPUTATE!
THEN, MAX TAKES A NEW SHEET OF PAPER AND DRAWS THE FACE OF FENTON BREEDLY...THE ART CRITIC.
SO YOU LIED TO ME, EH, BREEDLY? YOU LOOKED AT MY PICTURES AND SAID THEY WERE NO GOOD, EH? WELL...
MAX TAKES AN ERASER AND ERASES THE EYES ON BREEDLY'S PORTRAIT...
WELL...NOW YOU'LL NEVER SEE ANOTHER PICTURE AGAIN...
FAR ACROSS THE CITY...FENTON BREEDLY SCREAMS IN PAIN! HIS WIFE HAS JUST FLUNG ACID AT HIS FACE...
AAAAAAAAAHHH!
THERE! THAT WILL FIX YOU! NOW MAYBE YOU'LL SPEND MORE TIME WITH ME! NOW, MAYBE YOU WON'T BE SUCH A LADIES' MAN!
6


ON A THIRD SHEET OF PAPER, MAX DRAWS A LIKENESS OF ARTHUR GREEN...ART DEALER...
YOU LIED TO ME, ARTHUR! YOU TOLD ME MY PICTURES WERE WORTHLESS...THAT YOU COULDN'T SELL THEM! THEN YOU DID...WHEN THEY WERE NO LONGER MINE...

WITH THE ERASER, MAX OBLITERATES ARTHUR'S HANDS...
THAT WAS AN UNDERHANDED TRICK, GREEN! YES! UNDERHANDED! SO...NO HANDS FOR YOU, ANYMORE!

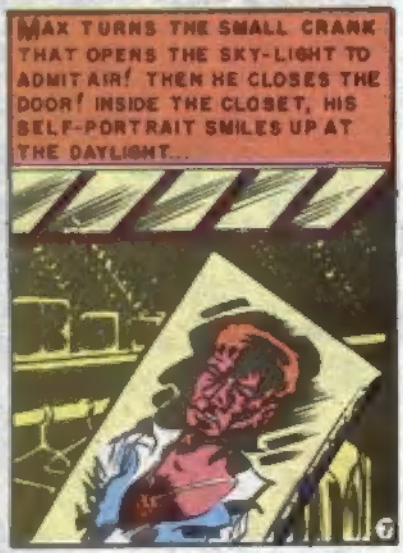
IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE GREEN GALLARIES, ARTHUR SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR...SHRIEKING IN PAIN...
EEEEEAAGH!
SOMEBODY GET AN AMBULANCE! MR. GREEN JUST CAUGHT HIS HANDS IN THE BIG MATT-CUTTER...

IN HIS STUDIO, MAX MOOR SITS BEFORE HIS SKETCH PAD...GASPING FOR BREATH...
AIR! I NEED AIR! I'M SUFFOCATING! I CAN'T BREATHE!


SUDDENLY MAX REALIZES WHAT IS HAPPENING! HE STUMBLES TO THE SAFE...THE ROOM SPINNING BEFORE HIS EYES...
AIR TIGHT...SAFE! PORTRAIT...SUFFOCATING! GOT TO...GET IT...OUT...INTO THE AIR...

JUST AS EVERYTHING GOES BLACK, MAX MANAGES TO OPEN THE SAFE! HE LIES BEFORE IT, SUCKING IN THE COOL AIR...
GASP...THE SAFE IS NO GOOD! I'VE GOT TO FIND A BETTER SPOT! THE...GASP...PORTRAIT NEEDS AIR...

MAX GOES TO THE CLOSET! HE PUTS THE PORTRAIT INSIDE! IN THE ROOF OF THE CLOSET IS A SKY-LIGHT...
THIS IS A GOOD SPOT! I CAN OPEN THE SKY-LIGHT SLIGHTLY... AND LOCK THE DOOR!


MAX TURNS THE SMALL CRANK THAT OPENS THE SKY-LIGHT TO ADMIT AIR! THEN HE CLOSES THE DOOR! INSIDE THE CLOSET, HIS SELF-PORTRAIT SMILES UP AT THE DAYLIGHT...

THE NEXT DAY, THE NEWSPAPERS CARRY THE STORIES OF THE UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENTS TO HALLEY AND BREEDLY AND GREEN...

NOW IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SEE *LAWRENCE DILTANT*... THE MAN WHO *PROFITED* THE *MOST*... BY BUYING MY PAINTINGS *CHEAP* AND SELLING THEM AT A *HIGH PRICE*...

AS MAX MOOR LEAVES HIS STUDIO UP ON THE ROOF, A SIGN PAINTER READIES HIS PAINTS ON A SCAFFOLD HUGGING A BILLBOARD...

MAX MAKES HIS WAY DOWN THE STEPS INTO THE SUBWAY...

IT WON'T TAKE *MUCH* FOR ME TO CONVINCE DILTANT TO HAND OVER SOME OF THE MONEY THAT'S DUE ME...

UP ON THE SCAFFOLD, THE SIGN-PAINTER ACCIDENTALLY KICKS A LARGE CAN OF TURPENTINE...

DRAT IT! THERE GOES MY *TURPS!*

THE CAN OF TURPENTINE PLUMMETS DOWNWARD, CRASHING THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT...

IN THE SUBWAY STATION, A HORRIFIED CROWD GATHERS... STARING DOWN AT THE REMAINS OF MAX MOOR UNDER THE HUGE WHEELS OF THE SECOND CAR OF THE SUBWAY TRAIN...

HE... HE JUST *FELL* AS THE TRAIN PULLED IN!

GOOD LORD! LOOK ... AT WHAT'S... *LEFT* OF HIM...

BACK IN MAX MOOR'S STUDIO... IN THE CLOSET... THE CAN OF TURPENTINE THAT CRASHED THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT EMPTIES OUT... RUNNING DOWN OVER MAX'S SELF-PORTRAIT... HORRIBLY DISTORTING THE NO LONGER SMILING FACE PAINTED UPON THE CANVAS...

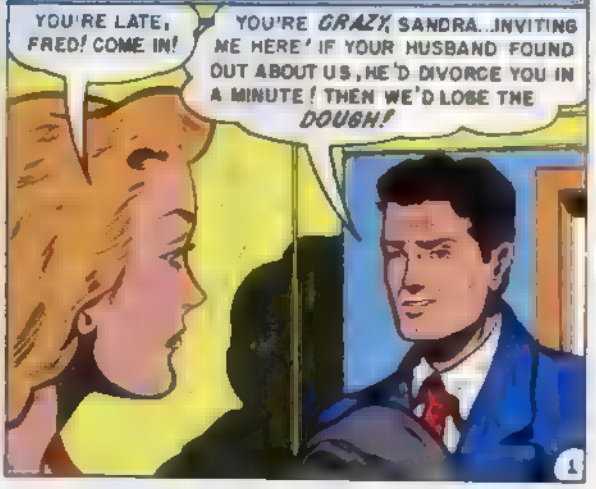
HEH, HEH! WELL, KIDDIES! THAT'S MY STORY! DO YOU *BELIEVE* IN *VOODOO, NOW?* OF COURSE, MAX MOOR'S VOODOO POWERS *MIGHT* HAVE BEEN A SERIES OF *COINCIDENTAL ACCIDENTS! WHO'S TO SAY?* FENTON BREEDLY IS *BLIND!* HARRY HALLEY HAS *ONE LEG!* ARTHUR GREEN NO LONGER HAS *HANDS!* I DON'T THINK WE CAN ASK *THEM!* THEY MIGHT BE *PREJUDICED!* AND POOR *MAX!* HE'D BE *NO HELP!* MAX WAS DOING *ALL RIGHT*, TOO, UNTIL THAT SIGN PAINTER *KICKED THE BUCKET!* THAT WAS WHEN *MAX DID!* WELL! GO ON TO THE *VAULT-KEEPER!* HE'S GOT *ANOTHER* HORROR YARN TO SPIN! AND IF YOU STILL HAVEN'T GOT BACK ISSUES, MY COLUMN, *THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER* WILL TELL YOU HOW!

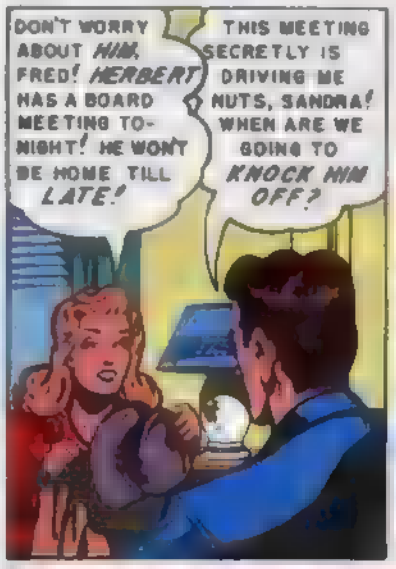
THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! GREETINGS GHOULS! LET ME SEE! WHAT *HORROR STORY* FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION OF *CHILLERS* THAT I KEEP HERE IN MY VAULT CAN I PALPITATE YOUR LITTLE CADAVERS WITH *THIS* TIME? YES, IT'S *ME* AGAIN... YOUR *HOST IN HORROR... THE VAULT-KEEPER!* AH, I KNOW! HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL *SPINE-TINGLER* THAT WILL CURDLE THE MARROW IN YOUR BONES! IT'S A FAVORITE OF MINE THAT I AFFECTIONATELY CALL...

THE BORROWED BODY!

HIGH UP OVER SWANKY PARK AVENUE, IN AN ELABORATELY FURNISHED PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN PACES THE PLUSH CARPETED FLOOR NERVOUSLY . SMOKING CIGARETTE AFTER CIGARETTE! FROM TIME TO TIME SHE GLANCES ANXIOUSLY AT THE FRONT DOOR . EXPECTANTLY! FINALLY THE CHIMES STARTLE HER AND SHE RUSHES TO THE DOOR AND FLINGS IT OPEN...

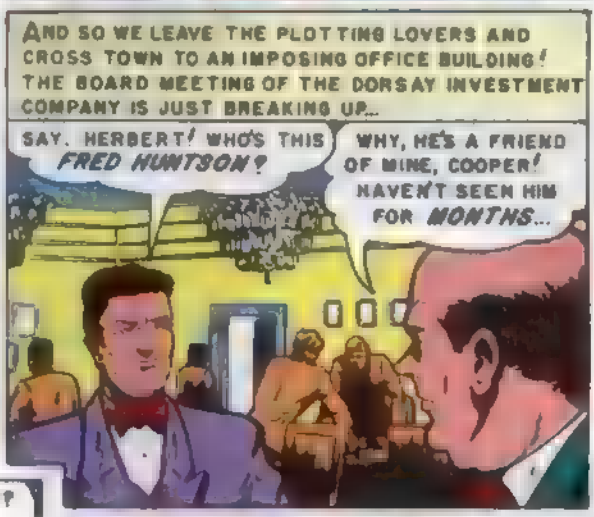


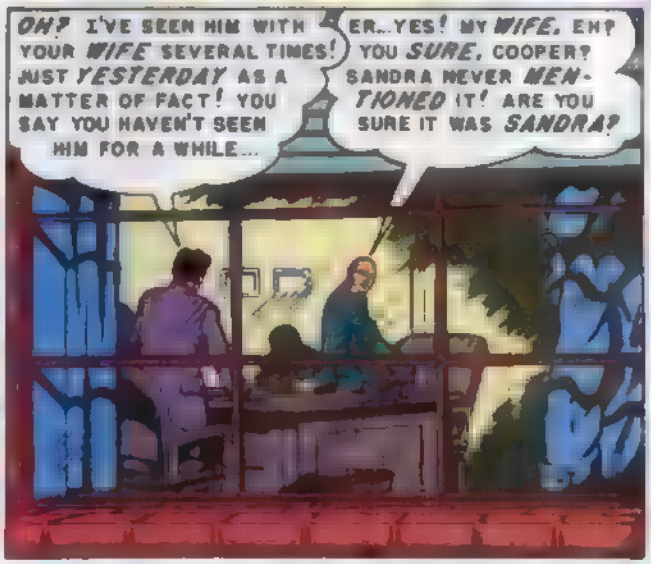

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM, FRED! HERBERT HAS A BOARD MEETING TONIGHT! HE WON'T BE HOME TILL LATE!
THIS MEETING SECRETLY IS DRIVING ME NUTS, SANDRA! WHEN ARE WE GOING TO KNOCK HIM OFF?

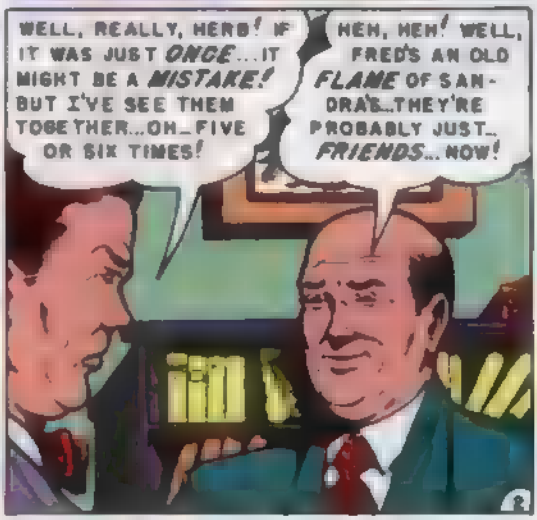
TONIGHT! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER EITHER, FRED! I WANT TO BE RID OF HIM FOR GOOD!
C'MERE, BABY! YOU LOOK RAVISHING, TONIGHT!

NO, FRED! WE'VE GOT A LOT TO TALK ABOUT... PLANS TO MAKE...
OKAY...AFTER JUST ONE LITTLE KISS...

FINALLY FRED RELUCTANTLY RELEASES SANDRA DORSAY, WIFE OF THE WEALTHY CORPORATION EXECUTIVE, HERBERT DORSAY, FROM HIS EMBRACE! HE GOES TO THE BAR AND POURS HIMSELF A DRINK...
OKAY, SANDRA... SHOOT! WHAT'S THE PITCH?
HERBERT ALWAYS WALKS HOME FROM BOARD MEETINGS! YOU'LL WAIT FOR HIM IN A CERTAIN ALLEY...


AND SO WE LEAVE THE PLOTTING LOVERS AND CROSS TOWN TO AN IMPOSING OFFICE BUILDING! THE BOARD MEETING OF THE DORSAY INVESTMENT COMPANY IS JUST BREAKING UP...
SAY, HERBERT! WHO'S THIS FRED HUNTSON?
WHY, HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE, COOPER! HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR MONTHS...


OH? I'VE SEEN HIM WITH YOUR WIFE SEVERAL TIMES! JUST YESTERDAY AS A MATTER OF FACT! YOU SAY YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR A WHILE...
ER...YES! MY WIFE, EH? YOU SURE, COOPER? SANDRA NEVER MENTIONED IT! ARE YOU SURE IT WAS SANDRA?


WELL, REALLY, HERB! IF IT WAS JUST ONCE...IT MIGHT BE A MISTAKE! BUT I'VE SEE THEM TOGETHER...OH...FIVE OR SIX TIMES!
HEH, HEH! WELL, FRED'S AN OLD FLAME OF SANDRA'S...THEY'RE PROBABLY JUST... FRIENDS...NOW!

NOW THAT THE SEED OF DOUBT IS PLANTED IN HERBERT DORSAY'S JEALOUS BRAIN, LET'S GO BACK ACROSS TOWN TO THE DORSAY PENTHOUSE, EH?

YOU'D BETTER *GO NOW*, FRED! GOT EVERYTHING *STRAIGHT*?

RIGHT! I KNOW THE SPOT! HE'LL *NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!* G'NIGHT, BABY!

SOON AFTER FRED HUNTSON LEAVES THE DORSAY HOME, HERBERT LEAVES THE OFFICE BUILDING...

SURE I CAN'T GIVE YOU A *LIFT*, HERB?

NO, THANKS, COOPER! I ALWAYS *WALK*...

DOWN THE DARK DESERTED STREETS BETWEEN THE TOWERING SILENT BUILDINGS HERBERT DORSAY MOVES... THINKING...

SANDRA...AND FRED! I CAN'T *BELIEVE* IT! COOPER MUST BE *MISTAKEN!* STILL...

SUDDENLY, AS HERBERT PASSES A DARKENED ALLEY A SHADOWY FIGURE RUSHES AT HIM... A LENGTH OF HEAVY PIPE POISED...

WHAT THE... GOOD LORD!

SOMEHOW, HERBERT MANAGES TO SIDE-STEP THE ATTACK AND THE EMPTY SILENCE OF THE DESERTED STREET IS SHATTERED BY THE IMPACT OF THE METAL PIPE AGAINST THE STREETLIGHT POLE...

HERBERT BEGINS TO RUN WILDLY DOWN THE DARK STREET. HIS ATTACKER CLOSE AT HIS HEELS! AS THEY DASH ACROSS AN INTERSECTION, A SPEEDING TRUCK SUDDENLY LOOMS BEFORE THEM... ITS BRAKES SHRIEKING...

LOOK OUT...

AAA AAAAAAAA!

HERBERT DORSAY PAUSES, PANTING, AGAINST A BUILDING! THE CONFUSED TRUCK DRIVER GETS OUT OF HIS CAB! BEFORE THE BLOODSTAINED BUMPER OF THE TRUCK, BATHED IN THE BLINDING GLARE OF THE HEADLIGHTS, LIES A STILL FIGURE...

CRAZY FOOL! RAN RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME!

IT...IT'S FRED HUNTSON! HE... HE TRIED TO *KILL ME!*

HIGH UP IN HER LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, SANDRA DORSAY SMILES TO HERSELF AS SHE LOLLS ON A CHAISE-LOUNGE! 'BY NOW,' SHE MUSES, 'IT'S ALL OVER!' SUDDENLY THE DOOR CHIMES WIPE THE SMILE FROM HER LOVELY FACE...

WHO... WHO CAN *THAT* BE? *FRED?* HE'D HAVE MORE *SENSE*...

JUST A MOMENT!

FAR ACROSS THE SLEEPING CITY, AN AMBULANCE SCREAMS INTO THE RECEIVING RAMP OF THE EMERGENCY WING OF A HOSPITAL AND WHINES TO A STOP! A WHITE-SHEETED, BLOOD-STAINED FORM ON A STRETCHER IS REMOVED FROM THE YAWNING REAR DOORS...

HURRY! HE'S *GOING FAST!*

WHAT *HAPPENED?*

GOT HIT BY A *TRUCK*...

MEANWHILE SANDRA IS OPENING THE PENTHOUSE DOOR...

YES? I... *HERBERT!*

SURPRISED TO SEE ME, SANDRA?

WHY... I... NO, HERBERT! IT'S JUST THAT... YOU'RE ALL MUSSED... UP! WHAT...

DON'T *ACT WITH ME,* SANDRA! I *KNOW EVERYTHING!* I KNOW ALL ABOUT *FRED* AND *YOU*...

...AS, AT THE HOSPITAL...

MORE ADRENALIN! HE'S SINKING FAST! DID YOU GET HIS NAME?

FRED HUNTSON! IT'S ON HIS IDENTIFICATION CARD IN HIS WALLET...

...WHILE AT THE PENTHOUSE...

ALL RIGHT... ALL RIGHT! IT'S *TRUE!* HE *DID* TRY TO *KILL YOU!* TOO BAD HE *DIDN'T!* NOW *I'LL* HAVE TO *FINISH THE JOB*...

PUT DOWN THAT *POKER,* SANDRA! *PUT IT DOWN!*

...AND ACROSS TOWN... IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM OF THE HOSPITAL...

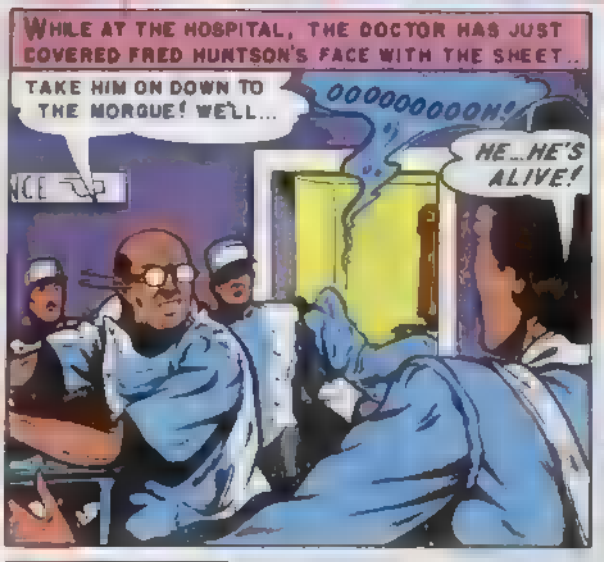
HERE YOU ARE, DOCTOR! 10cc's OF ADRENALIN!

NEVER MIND, NURSE! *HE'S DEAD*...

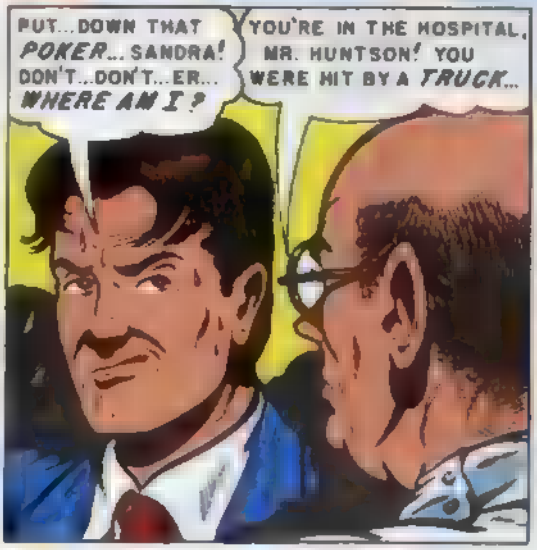
BUT, EXACTLY AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE DORSAY PENTHOUSE...
UNNNNNNNNNNGH!

SANDRA STANDS OVER THE PROSTRATE FORM OF HER HUSBAND...
I'VE GOT TO PUT ON AN ACT FOR THE NEIGHBORS...MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SELF-DEFENSE!

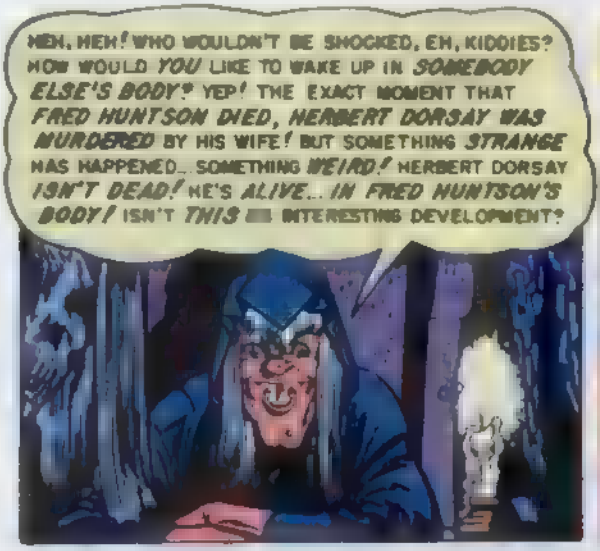
LISTEN! IT'S FROM THE DORSAY APARTMENT!
KEEP AWAY FROM ME, HERBERT! NO! NO! EEEEEE!

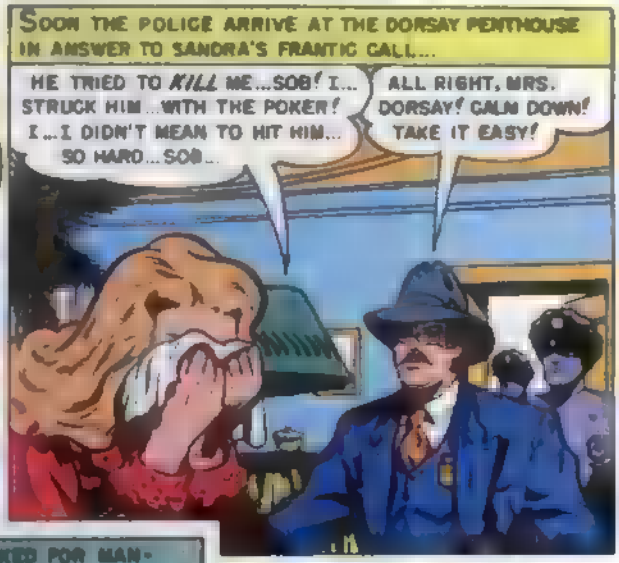

WHILE AT THE HOSPITAL, THE DOCTOR HAS JUST COVERED FRED HUNTSON'S FACE WITH THE SHEET...
TAKE HIM ON DOWN TO THE MORGUE! WE'LL...
OOOOOOOOOH!
HE...HE'S ALIVE!

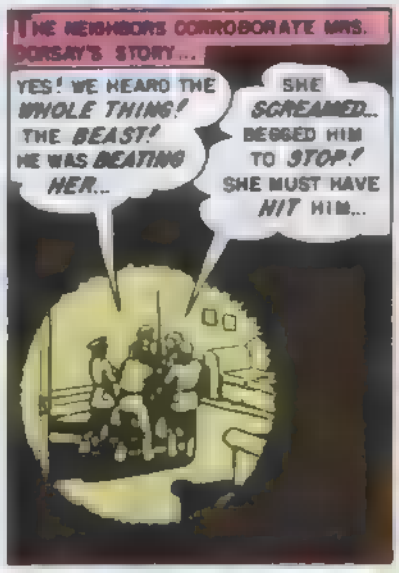
IMPOSSIBLE! HIS HEART STOPPED! HE...
DON'T...SANDRA! DON'T HIT ME...
HE'S DELIRIOUS!


PUT...DOWN THAT POKER...SANDRA! DON'T...DON'T...ER... WHERE AM I?
YOU'RE IN THE HOSPITAL, MR. HUNTSON! YOU WERE HIT BY A TRUCK...

HUNTSON! MY NAME IS DORSAY!
BUT...YOUR IDENTIFICATION...
LET HIM ALONE, NURSE! HE'S SUFFERING FROM SHOCK!


HEH, HEH! WHO WOULDN'T BE SHOCKED, EH, KIDDIES? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WAKE UP IN SOMEBODY ELSE'S BODY? YEP! THE EXACT MOMENT THAT FRED HUNTSON DIED, HERBERT DORSAY WAS MURDERED BY HIS WIFE! BUT SOMETHING STRANGE HAS HAPPENED... SOMETHING WEIRD! HERBERT DORSAY ISN'T DEAD! HE'S ALIVE... IN FRED HUNTSON'S BODY! ISN'T THIS INTERESTING DEVELOPMENT?

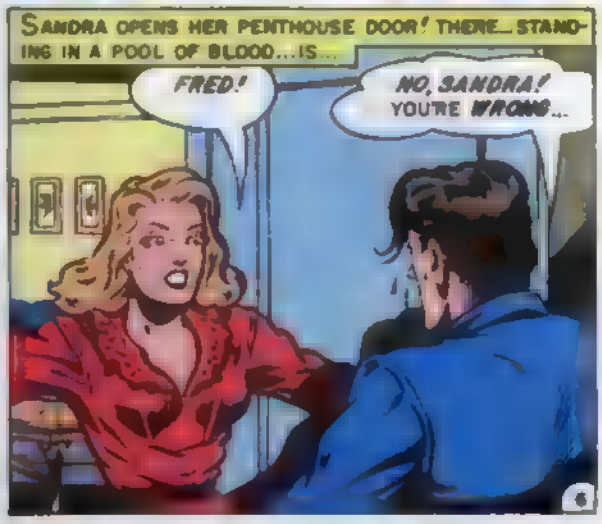

SOON THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE DORSAY PENTHOUSE IN ANSWER TO SANDRA'S FRANTIC CALL...
HE TRIED TO KILL ME...SOB! I... STRUCK HIM...WITH THE POKER! I...I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT HIM... SO HARD...SOB...
ALL RIGHT, MRS. DORSAY! CALM DOWN! TAKE IT EASY!

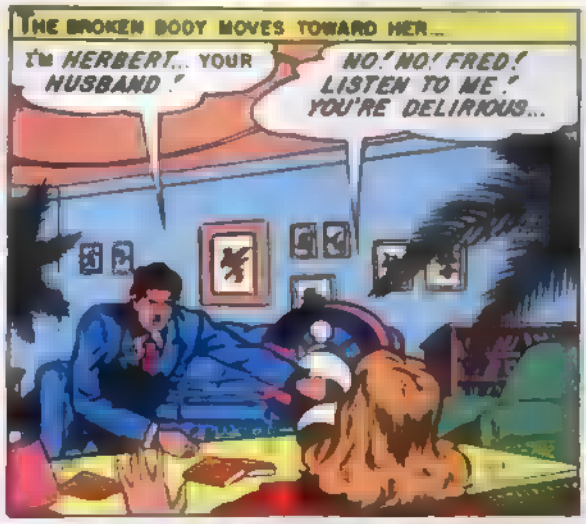

THE NEIGHBORS CORROBORATE MRS. DORSAY'S STORY...
YES! WE HEARD THE WHOLE THING! THE BEAST! HE WAS BEATING HER...
SHE SCREAMED... BEGGED HIM TO STOP! SHE MUST HAVE HIT HIM...

SANDRA IS BOOKED FOR MANSLAUGHTER BUT IS RELEASED ON BAIL! IT IS ALMOST CERTAIN THAT A TRIAL WILL FIND THAT SHE KILLED HERBERT IN SELF-DEFENSE! MEANWHILE AT THE HOSPITAL...
TIME FOR YOUR MEDICINE, MR. HUNTSON! I... HE'S GONE!

DOCTOR! DOCTOR! MR. HUNTSON...THE PATIENT IN 305! HE'S GONE...HIS BED'S EMPTY!
IMPOSSIBLE! THE MAN WAS HIT BY A TRUCK!

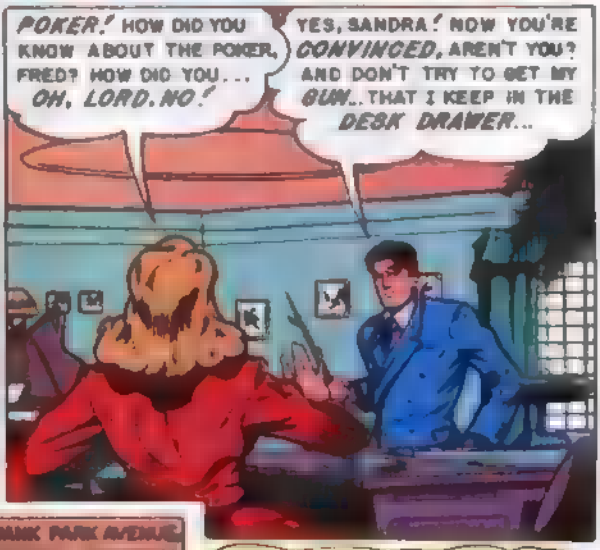
IN HER PENTHOUSE, SANDRA CALLS THE HOSPITAL...
I'M CALLING TO FIND OUT THE CONDITION OF A MR. FRED HUNTSON! I UNDERSTAND HE WAS TAKEN... WHAT?...GONE?...BUT...
KNOCK KNOCK


SANDRA OPENS HER PENTHOUSE DOOR! THERE...STANDING IN A POOL OF BLOOD...IS...
FRED!
NO, SANDRA! YOU'RE WRONG...

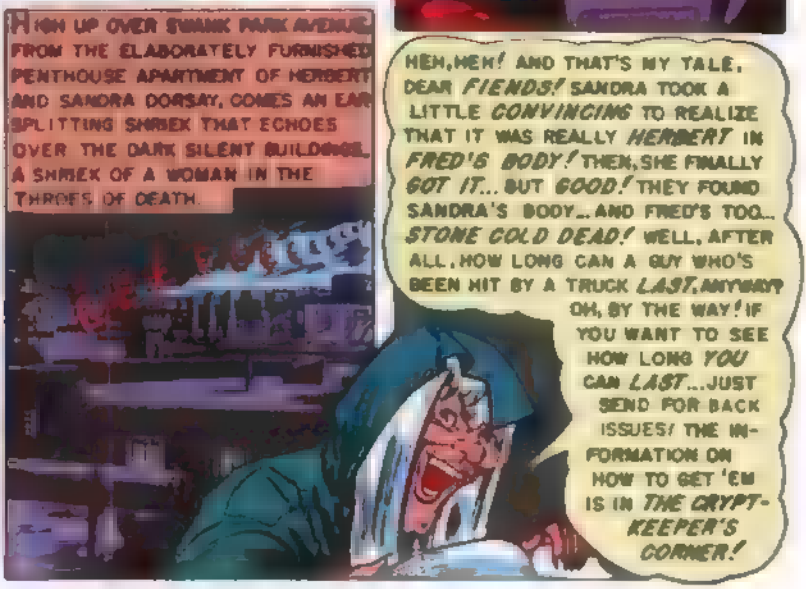

THE BROKEN BODY MOVES TOWARD HER...
I'M HERBERT... YOUR HUSBAND!
NO! NO! FRED! LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE DELIRIOUS...

...HERBERT'S DEAD, FRED! I KILLED HIM! THE POLICE THINK IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE! WE'RE SAFE...
FRED IS THE ONE WHO'S DEAD... I AM HERBERT... IN FRED'S BODY...

KEEP AWAY FROM ME, FRED! KEEP AWAY! YOU'RE... YOU'RE MAD!
YOU THOUGHT YOU KILLED ME WHEN YOU STRUCK ME WITH THIS POKER... DIDN'T YOU, SANDRA?


POKER! HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE POKER, FRED? HOW DID YOU... OH, LORD, NO!
YES, SANDRA! NOW YOU'RE CONVINCED, AREN'T YOU? AND DON'T TRY TO GET MY GUN... THAT I KEEP IN THE DESK DRAWER...

OH, GOD! YOU ARE HERBERT! YOU ARE...
THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU ALL ALONG...


HIGH UP OVER SWANK PARK AVENUE, FROM THE ELABORATELY FURNISHED PENTHOUSE APARTMENT OF HERBERT AND SANDRA DORSAY, COMES AN EAR SPLITTING SHRIEK THAT ECHOES OVER THE DARK SILENT BUILDINGS. A SHRIEK OF A WOMAN IN THE THROES OF DEATH.
HEH, HEH! AND THAT'S MY TALE, DEAR FIENDS! SANDRA TOOK A LITTLE CONVINCING TO REALIZE THAT IT WAS REALLY HERBERT IN FRED'S BODY! THEN, SHE FINALLY GOT IT... BUT GOOD! THEY FOUND SANDRA'S BODY... AND FRED'S TOO... STONE COLD DEAD! WELL, AFTER ALL, HOW LONG CAN A GUY WHO'S BEEN HIT BY A TRUCK LAST, ANYWAY? OH, BY THE WAY! IF YOU WANT TO SEE HOW LONG YOU CAN LAST... JUST SEND FOR BACK ISSUES! THE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET 'EM IS IN THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER!

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I love your stories. Your stories are better than the Vault-Keeper's. (I think the Vault-Keeper is a stupid idiot.) Goodbye for now, your friend forever,

Michael McKnight — Cranston, RI

I love your stories. The Old Witch and The Vault-Keeper are idiots.

Brandon Gulloy — Beaumont, TX

Are The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch your friends? Tell The Vault-Keeper I said hi and tell The Old Witch she's a bag!

I want some penpals! Your craziest fan,

John Baldi — 19 Ladge ST, Melrose, MA 02176

The story "Scared to Death!" ■ issue #8 was the best story in that book. The worst story was The Old Witch's, that really sucked. Please print my address.

Dara Conner — 7927 Rambler PL, Cincinnati, OH 45231

Five great minds with but a single thot. —CK

I am a big fan of CRYPT and also watch your shows. What I like is that it has scary stories. I think CRYPT should [be] a movie in movie theaters. Then see how many people like it!

Tony Rizor — Lima, OH

Don't forget Amicus did a CRYPT and a VAULT during the 70s. People say they're on video, with the VAULT one labeled CRYPT II. —CK

I love the comic CRYPT 7. Are you a girl or a boy? I hate the other creepy comics, like THE VAULT OF HORROR. They suck! The only creepy comic I like is yours. You're the best spooker.

Scott LeBeau — Mt. Vernon, WA

"Bats In My Belfry!" from CRYPT #8 was a fun story. I recognized "The Living Death!" as Poe's "Facts In The Case Of M. Valdemar" cleverly updated. Graham Ingels was the perfect choice to illustrate this bizarre tale. Poe and Ingels just seem to go together. I'm remembering his fine work on the "Cask Of Amontillado" adaptation "Blood Red Wine!" in Crime #3.

Duncan Reynold's story was a gruesome little tale of a man with a hunger for literature. I wonder what book he was reading: perhaps "Frankenfurterstein"?!

By the way, on "Tales from the Cryptkeeper" the stories are obviously *not* EC, and your face is green. What's the deal with those cartoon guys?

Barry McCollum — Alton, IL

Sorry, got no idea. —CK

CRYPT #8 kicks butt! My favorite stories: "Bats ■ My Belfry!" (faithfully reprinted in Vol. 1 of the Random House books) and "Scared to Death!". The Old Witch is a major loser. "The Living Death!" is boring and cheap, "Midnight Snack!", predictable and obvious.

In issue #9 you seemed upset because no 14-year-olds wrote to you. So, here I am. Here's what I thought of issue #9:

"The Trophy" Brilliant! Awesome! Loved ■ "Judy, You're Not Yourself Today!" Disappointing. The worst story in the book!

"Loved to Death!!" Not bad at all, I really liked the ending.

"The Works...In Wax!" Excellent! One of the best! Just one problem. Who the **!* ■ Lucy Bordman?

My favorite episode of HBO's "Tales from the Crypt" is "The Switch". When will it appear?

Which issues are "The Reluctant Vampire!" and "Abra Cadaver" gonna be in? If anyone else wants ■ write, I invite all letters. Until next slime,

Myron James — RR 4 Box 141, Rockville, IN 47872

"Lucy Bordman took an ax and gave her mother 40 wacks. When she saw what Lucy done, Lizzy Borden joined the fun."

"The Switch" is in CRYPT 29, yet to come, or get it now in GLAD CRYPT 5. "Reluctant" was in VAULT 9, get it now. "Abra" wasn't the title of an EC story. Give me a two sentence plotline and I'll ID it. —CK

You are my idol. I'm a 14 year old girl. I collect your comics and cards, and I tape your shows, except the ones on FOX on Saturday because they cut all the good parts out. I celebrate Halloween year 'round. I'm a really gory person. I have even developed your sick vocabulary. So when do we start getting some Crypt shirts out???

I give much thanks to John Kasair for bringing you back from the dead on your show. I must say your cards are a real kick in the teeth to find. I would like to hear from Mike Tormey who wrote you a letter in CRYPT #9. I draw a lot. I've been in many art shows. I draw a lot of skulls and corpses. Please print my address. Mike, write me! Thanks, CRYPT, for making my life (or death) a gory experience!

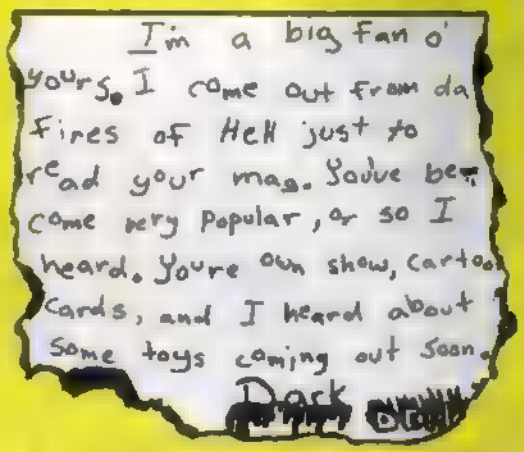
Paula Santos — 2253 Misthaven LN, Gambrills, MD 21054

And I draw flies! Ed says, "T-shirts featuring HBO CK in next catalog. Will have about 8 to choose from. Plus, 1 exclusive to EC Comics." Terse little geeber, isn't he? —CK

I really dug "The Trophy!" in Crypt #8! Your trophy room is the greatest, did you bag them all yourself? In the picture of your trophy room it looks like VK's mouth is sewn shut. Is that the only way you could keep him quiet?

Jim Davis — Pullman, WA

And still I hear him MUMBLING up there! —CK



Bottom half of a smokin' sheet received here. Part of the signature was burned off. "Dark Demo..." Hm. Maybe it was "Dark Demosthenes." —CK

I enjoyed reading CRYPT number 7. "Reflection of Death!" was a neat idea, having the reader being the person in the story. But then they ruined the illusion by showing the face of the character and then giving him the name Al. The chances of the name of the reader being Al is rather remote, so it would have been better to refer to the character as "you."

The Feldstein cover for CRYPT #9 seemed weak compared to the one that he did for #8. Those covers that require a talk balloon to carry them over are seldom as good as those [without] You have no doubt noticed that Jack Davis never had balloons in any of his cover illustrations. Davis seemed to be a very versatile artist as he did good work in the war and SF comics as well as in the horror mags.

Warren Standifird — Sunnyvale, CA

I have a beach towel, watch, cup holder, poster, two shirts, a pen and the HBO TV show cards of you. I also have some issues of CRYPT. I think the story in #8 ("Scared to Death!") was great! Ghoulishly yours,

Corey Dollak — West Hartford, CT

P.S. I wrote this letter with the Crypt-Keeper pen.

Too bad you couldn't E-Mail it through the Crypt.net! —CK

It's good to see something new in the field of comic books today. I mean, there are too many super heroes out there. That is why I like EC comics so much! They are my number ones! So I give EC two skulls up!

Personally, the Crypt-Keeper is the best out of all three! Say hi to the Cryptster for me!

Eric Johnson — Goldsboro, NC

I love every EC comic. I especially like your horror comics. I am planning to get the [hardback] COMPLETE CRYPT very soon because I think it is the best horror comic ever made.

Adam Owens — Englewood, CO

I am a big fan of you and your show on HBO. If you have a fan club please! please! please! send an application to join. I really, really, really, really would like to join.

Corey Agee — Martinsville, VA

We don't operate a fan club, but other fans do! You should see The Vault-Keeper's "Fan Club News" page, which ran in HAUNT, INCREDIBLE SF and CRIME #s 9 last month! —CK

I noticed that "The Thing From The Sea!" in CRYPT #4 is almost identical to "The Upper Berth" By F. Marion Crawford, but no credit was given to him. He wrote it in the 1860s.

I see someone has already noticed the similarity between "Rx...Death!" and "White Powder." Also no credit was given. Is it not necessary in comic book stories?

Jack Barnes — Dallas, TX

As we've intimated in these pages before, sometimes you borrow an idea and sometimes you borrow the plot it's stored in, too. And sometimes you remember to say thanks, and sometimes you don't. That's business. —CK

I have a question: At the beginning of your TV shows you show the comic book the story is in. I was wondering if you have any of those comic books? The comic book with The Vault-Keeper's face, Old Witch's face and your face.

Chad J. Barr — Peachtree City, GA

These are done just for the show. Mike Vosburg did TV Crypt-Keeper at right. Compare to Jack Davis' portrait of me from CRYPT 17. —CK

I'm 12 years old and I never could find the CRYPT comic until I went to sleepaway camp to an outside mall. The comic store only had CRYPT 9.

I think that if you put more blood in your tales it would improve the comics. It would be more realistic.

Jon Estreich — New York, NY

When I was 12, we didn't have time to shop at sleepaway camp 'cause we were fighting off predators! —CK

I love your comics! Your stories are wonderful! I love it at the end of your stories when you make funny comments.

Please print my address, people who like your comics can write to me, and I'll write back.

Roselle Erti, 14 years old — 7 Park ST, Shortsville, NY 14548

I love your tales, they're so creepy. Your spookier than The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch. How come in your show you're dead but in the comic you're not? Creepingly yours,

Chris Drake — Vineland, NJ

Why in the TV show on FOX is the Crypt-Keeper bald and has no skin when the one in the comic book is the total opposite?

Harold Craft — Rockaway, NJ

I [am] a fan of your CRYPT reprints. I have also been a fan of the HBO show "Tales from the Crypt" for a while but the only thing from the show I don't like is The Crypt-Keeper: I expected him to be more like the comic books.

Raul Alarcon — Houston, TX

I am a bit disturbed by your comments about the Crypt-Keeper's voice on the TV show and the cartoon (as mentioned in CRYPT #9). I can do several voice impersonations very well, but my favorite is the Crypt-Keeper's voice because I can do it excellently (although, the laugh is tricky). So if the Crypt-Keeper even needs a back-up vocalist, I'' be hanging around! Any other horror-crazed bolls and ghouls out there? I could use a pen pal, write to me. Pleasant screams,

Jerrod Brito (CK, Jr.) — 9371 Anderson ST, Thornton, CO 80229

HBO/FOX's CK is a victim of external liposuction! I have no argument with TV-Keeper's voice per se, but it ain't a patch on mine own! —CK

Hi! I'm Trista. When I got done reading CRYPT #7, I loved it. Then I let my friend Tabbie read it. She said it was cool. My favorite story from it was "Voodoo Death!". How old are you? This is my first letter. I hope you like it. Well, see you!

Trista Whitesell, age 8 — Anderson, IN

I am old enuf to appreciate a well-written, well-spelled legible letter from a young person, especially when they are SO young! Congratulations! —CK

I got my first EC comics a couple weeks ago. I'm 9 years old. I'm your #1 fan. My favorite story in the book is "Bats In My Belfry!". I agree with Jarid Brewer. OW sucks big time. They should take my advice and shoot VK right between the eyes. They should have an EC comic that only has you and your stories. I gotta go now.

Luke Torgrimson — Bozeman, MT

Bad news! Shooting VK in the head doesn't even make him angry (it does get his attention). I know, I tried it. And I want my bullet back! —CK

I love your show! I watch it whenever it's on. I just got my first CRYPT comic and pack of cards. I love them! I brought them to school and everybody wanted to look at them! Me and my friend decided to start a Crypt Club! It will be amazing! I love your attitude! I can't believe my sister doesn't like you! I'm 11 years old.

Zack Ginies — Newmarket, ON

Get with it, Sis! —CK

My name is Matt Smith. I am ten years old. I wrote to you before. I have some questions to ask you. 1) Do you like Mortal Kombat guys? 2) Are you rich$? If you are could you send me a CRYPT comic? 3) Did you ever kill somebody? 4) Do you like to play sports? 5) Can you send me a picture of yourself? And sign your name on it? I know I am asking for a lot, but it would be real nice if you did.

I have two more questions to ask you. A) What is your favorite animal? B) Do you like Beavis and Butthead?

Matt Smith — Utica, NY

1) I like them, but foresee no long term relationships. 2) Sure, I'm rich$! And, I got that way by NOT giving away comics! 3) Someone peeked! 4) I played deadend for the NY Stankees football team in 1948. 5) Why should I learn to write just for you? A) I don't like animals. B) Didn't I just answer that? —CK

I just love your comics. My brother has [hardbacks?] books of you! My favorite issue is CRYPT #9. I would love a pen pal! Also, can you give me a free comic and I will give you a story called "The Switch." But you have to give me the comic first, ok?

Jeremy Rainer
6A Lee ST
Forest LK, MI 56025

Blackmail, eh? Well, EC already has a story titled "The Switch" (see above), so you'll have to up the ante to get a freebie outa me! Heh, heh! —CK

I just read CRYPT #9. It was cool. Two tales in that issue were adapted by the HBO series. My favorite tale from your magazine is "The Works ..in Wax!".

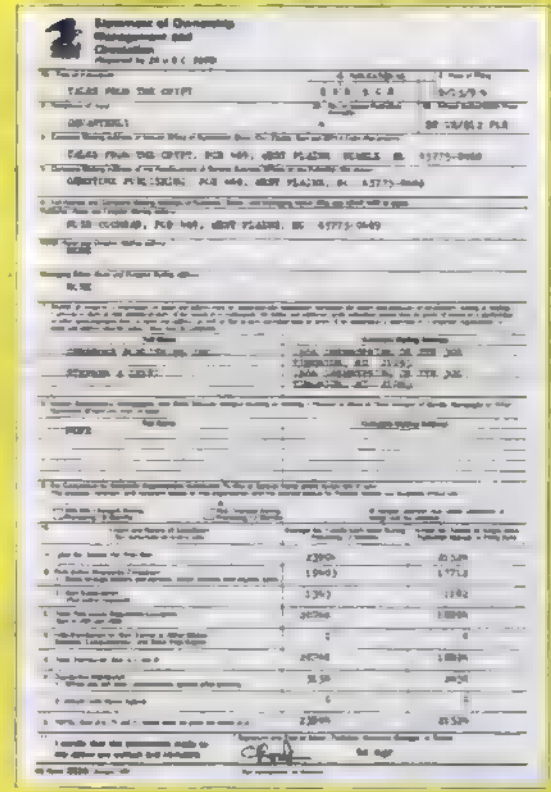
Dusty Gann — Pembroke, GA

You're the best out of the three. All your stories are the best. My favorite is "Bats in My Belfry!". What is your favorite? Well tell them to keep making them cool.

Jevin Claxton — Royse City, TX

You are awesome! Just plain awesome! I love your comics! Actually, some of the stories are weird, but I just don't care! Me and my sister started collecting your comics. They're great! I've watched your show so many times!

Nishad Majmudar — Pittsburgh, PA



IMF 8 also heard from:

Ryle Agger	Wind Gap, PA
(SIT) Bauer	Holbrook, NY
Brent Laird	Dallas, GA
Jason Malecki	Old Forge, PA
Mike Prochazka	Manchester, MO
Ashley Robinson	Lockhart, SC
Sean Sheikh	Oak Pk, IL
Erik Sobczak	Norwood Pk, IL
Tom (The Terror) Walonen	San Ramon, CA
Shawn Williams	Republic, MO

Also available this month are WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Watch for VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED next month. Don't forget HAUNT, INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION and CRIME. Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details)!

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, $3 each (subject to availability). All others up thru issue #3, $1.00 each. Issues #4 and up, $2 each. Add $5 per order ($10 outside US) for S&H.

**Write to:
CRYPT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775**

**THIS COMIC REPRINTS
TALES FROM THE CRYPT "#28" (#10, OCT/NOV 51)**

COVER by Wally Wood	
"Drawn and Quartered!"	Jack Davis
"The Borrowed Body!"	Howard Larsen
"Indian Burial Mound"	George Roussos
"Political Pull!"	Graham Ingels

We explore letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters. To do so we need your address on the individual letter.

HERE'S A HAIR-RAISING TALE OF TERROR! I CALL THIS ONE...

INDIAN BURIAL MOUND

WILLIAM-AL HID 14 DIESEL

OLD HIRAM BECKER RAISED HIS HAND TO SHADE HIS EYES FROM THE GLARING SUN AND GAZED DOWN THE DIRT ROAD AT THE CLOUD OF DUST MOVING TOWARD HIM...

HMMMM! HERE COMES THAT *CITY FELLER* WHO'S INTERESTED IN *BUYIN' MY FARM!* RIGHT ON *TIME*, TOO!

SOON A SLEEK, DUSTY AUTOMOBILE DREW UP AND A YOUNG MAN GOT OUT...

YOU THE FELLER WHAT CALLED ME ON THE PHONE 'BOUT BUYIN' THE FARM?

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU MUST BE *HIRAM BECKER!* MY NAME IS *ROY MADISON*...

HIRAM TURNED AND GESTICULATED TOWARD THE OPEN FIELDS AND THE RAMSHACKLE FARM HOUSE.

WELL...THAR SHE IS! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

PERFECT! *EXACTLY* WHAT I'M *LOOKING* FOR!

YOU MEAN YOU STILL WANT TO *BUY* 'ER?

OF COURSE! THE LISTING SAID YOUR ASKING PRICE WAS SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! IS THAT CORRECT?

YEP! YOU CAN HAVE 'ER...LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL...FOR THAT AMOUNT!

GOOD! THEN *IT'S A DEAL!* SHALL WE GO UP TO THE HOUSE AND SIGN THE NECESSARY PAPERS?

HIRAM GOT INTO ROY'S CAR AND THEY DROVE UP THE DUSTY ROAD TO THE HOUSE...

SAY, YOUNG FELLER! MIND IF I ASK YOU A QUESTION?

GO AHEAD, OLD TIMER!

YOU'RE NO FARMER! I KIN TELL THAT! WHAT YOU *WANT* THIS OL' FARM FOR, ANYWAY?

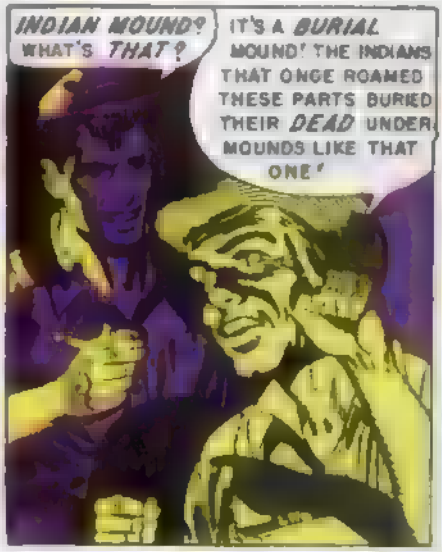
I'M GOING TO TURN IT INTO AN *AIRPORT* AND *FLYING SCHOOL*, MR. BECKER!

AIRPORT! FLYING SCHOOL!

IT'S A PERFECT LOCATION. JUST OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAY... FIVE MILES FROM TOWN! AND LOOK AT IT! THE LAND IS *PERFECT! ALMOST FLAT!* EXCEPT FOR THAT *SMALL HILL* OUT THERE

...AND A *BULL-DOZER* WILL *LEVEL THAT OFF* IN JIG TIME! RUNWAYS...

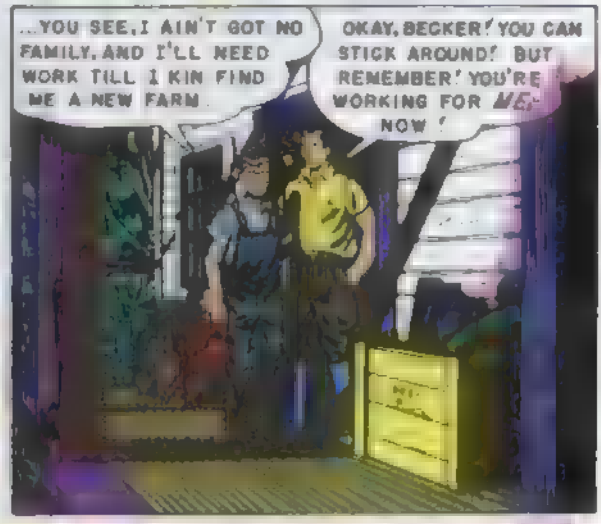
YOU AIN'T GONNA *BULL-DOZE* THAT *INDIAN MOUND*, MR. MADISON, ARE YOU? *I WOULDN'T ADVISE IT!*

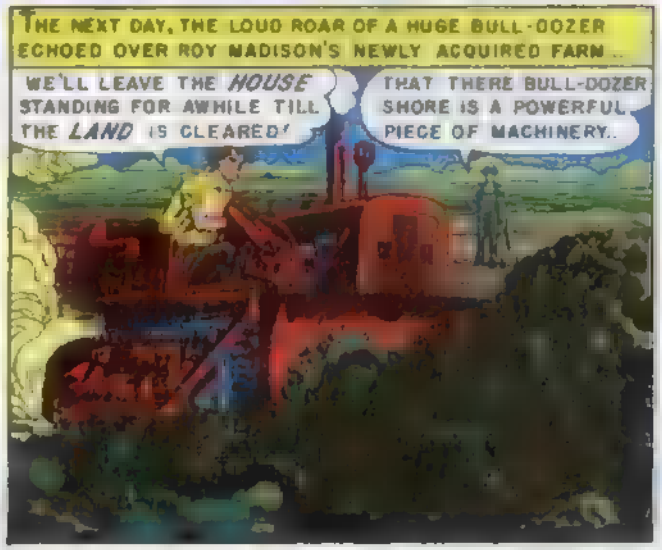

INDIAN MOUND? WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S A BURIAL MOUND! THE INDIANS THAT ONCE ROAMED THESE PARTS BURIED THEIR DEAD UNDER MOUNDS LIKE THAT ONE!

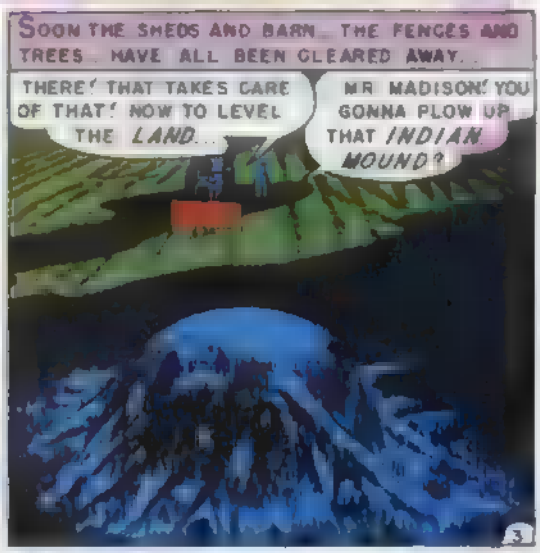
WELL...IT WILL HAVE TO GO!
I WOULDN'T TOUCH THAT MOUND IF I WERE YOU, MR. MADISON! SEE? MY FURROWS GO AROUND IT! THERE'S A LEGEND ABOUT THEM INDIAN MOUNDS!

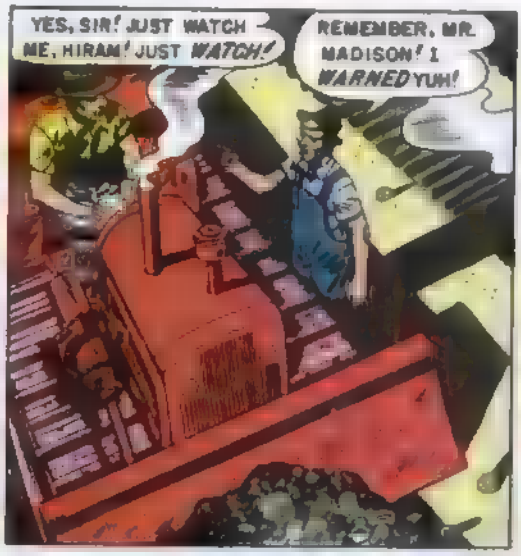
...ANYONE WHO VIOLATES THE RESTING PLACE OF THE DEAD WILL BE PUNISHED BY THEIR SPIRITS...
BAH! THAT'S JUST IGNORANT SUPERSTITION! WELL! SHALL WE CONCLUDE OUR DEAL...

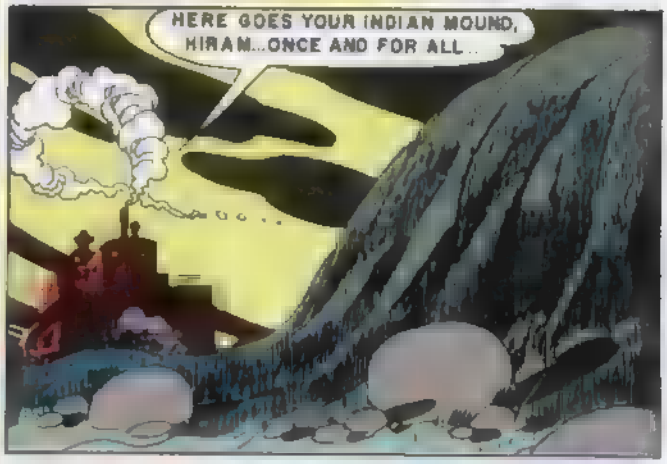
AND SO ROY MADISON AND HIRAM BECKER SIGNED THE BILL OF SALE AND THE BECKER FARM WAS TURNED OVER TO ROY...
...AND HERE'S YOUR CHECK, MR. BECKER! NOW, HOW SOON DO YOU THINK I CAN BEGIN MOVING IN MY EQUIPMENT?
WHY, ANYTIME, MR. MADISON! I... I'M WONDERIN' IF YOU'LL NEED A HAND TO HELP YOU FOR A WHILE


...YOU SEE, I AIN'T GOT NO FAMILY, AND I'LL NEED WORK TILL I KIN FIND ME A NEW FARM.
OKAY, BECKER! YOU CAN STICK AROUND! BUT REMEMBER! YOU'RE WORKING FOR ME NOW!

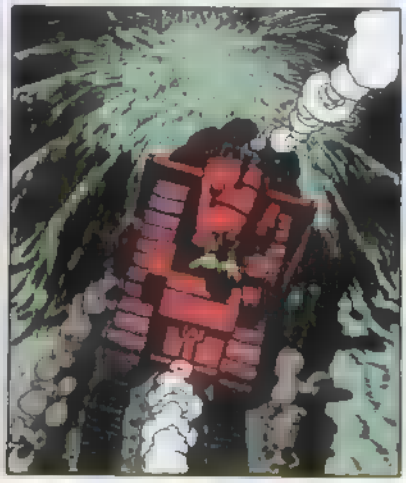

THE NEXT DAY, THE LOUD ROAR OF A HUGE BULL-DOZER ECHOED OVER ROY MADISON'S NEWLY ACQUIRED FARM...
WE'LL LEAVE THE HOUSE STANDING FOR AWHILE TILL THE LAND IS CLEARED!
THAT THERE BULL-DOZER SHORE IS A POWERFUL PIECE OF MACHINERY..


SOON THE SHEDS AND BARN... THE FENCES AND TREES... HAVE ALL BEEN CLEARED AWAY...
THERE! THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT! NOW TO LEVEL THE LAND...
MR. MADISON! YOU GONNA PLOW UP THAT INDIAN MOUND?

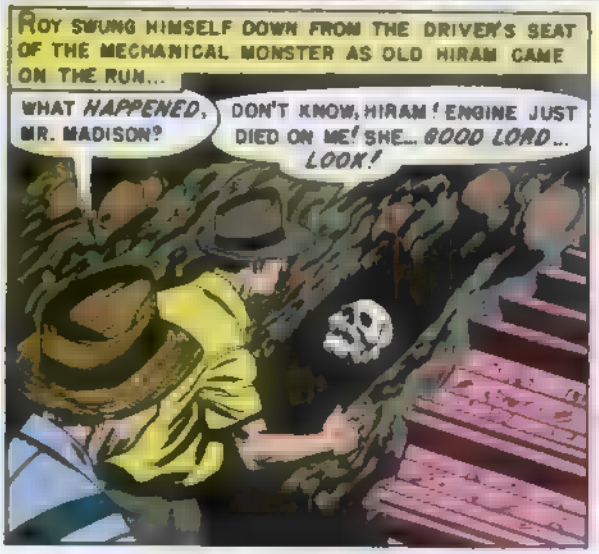

YES, SIR! JUST WATCH ME, HIRAM! JUST WATCH!
REMEMBER, MR. MADISON! I WARNED YUH!

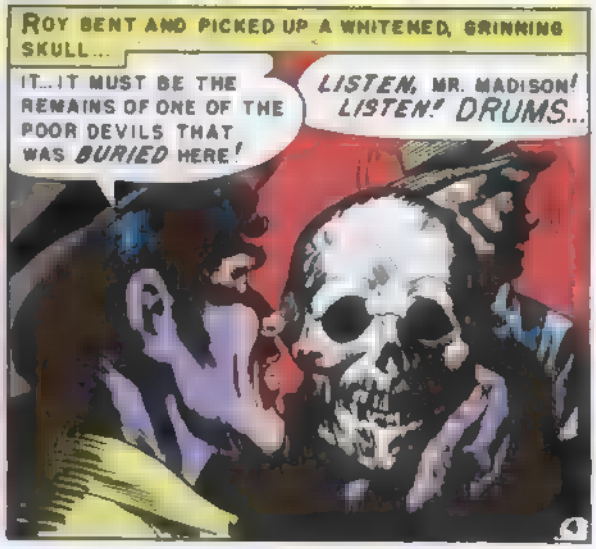

THE HUGE BULL-DOZER ROARED AS ROY THREW HER INTO FORWARD GEAR! SLOWLY IT BORE DOWN UPON THE SMALL RISE ON THE OTHERWISE FLAT LANDSCAPE..
HERE GOES YOUR INDIAN MOUND, HIRAM...ONCE AND FOR ALL...

COUGHING AND BARKING, THE BULL-DOZER'S POWERFUL TREADS SHOVED ITS GLEAMING PLOW INTO THE INDIAN MOUND...


...TORE UP TREMENDOUS CHUNKS OF BLACK SOIL AND FLUNG THEM ASIDE...

...THEN SPUTTERED TO A STOP HALF-WAY THROUGH THE ANCIENT BURIAL SITE...
WHAT IN BLAZES...? SHE'S CONKED OUT!


ROY SWUNG HIMSELF DOWN FROM THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF THE MECHANICAL MONSTER AS OLD HIRAM CAME ON THE RUN...
WHAT HAPPENED, MR. MADISON?
DON'T KNOW, HIRAM! ENGINE JUST DIED ON ME! SHE... GOOD LORD... LOOK!


ROY BENT AND PICKED UP A WHITENED, GRINNING SKULL...
IT...IT MUST BE THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THE POOR DEVILS THAT WAS BURIED HERE!
LISTEN, MR. MADISON! LISTEN! DRUMS...

ROY AND HIRAM TURNED THEIR HEADS SKYWARD! FROM FAR OFF CAME THE SOUND OF TOM-TOMS... THROBBING... PULSATING...

IT'S THE *INDIAN SPIRITS!* YOU'VE GOT 'EM *RILED UP!*

DON'T BE FOOLISH, HIRAM! THAT'S JUST *HEAT LIGHTNING*... IN THAT *THUNDERHEAD* UP THERE...

HIRAM TURNED WIDE-EYED TO THE SKULL IN ROY'S HAND...

I *TOLD* YUH, MR. MADISON! I *TOLD* YUH NOT TO *PLOW UP THAT INDIAN BURIAL MOUND.* NOW THEY'RE GONNA *COME AND GIT US...*

HIRAM SPUN AND RAN WILDLY OUT ACROSS THE FIELD...

COME BACK, HIRAM... *COME BACK!*

NOT *ME,* MR. MADISON! *I'M NOT STAYING AROUND HERE...*

ROY WATCHED AS THE FLEEING HIRAM BECKER DISAPPEARED DOWN THE ROAD IN A CLOUD OF DUST! SUDDENLY A CLAP OF THUNDER EXPLODED OVERHEAD AND IT BEGAN TO RAIN! ROY FLUNG THE GRINNING SKULL TO THE GROUND...

DRAT THE LUCK! FIRST THE *BULL-DOZER CONKS OUT* AND NOW *THIS! RAIN!* I'LL HAVE TO *QUIT FOR TODAY!*

THEN ROY SPRINTED TO THE HOUSE JUST AS THE RAIN BEGAN TO FALL IN HEAVY SHEETS! HE SLAMMED THE DOOR AND CURSED! OUTSIDE IT WAS GETTING DARK...

SUPERSTITIOUS FOOL! AFRAID OF AN OLD LEGEND...

LATER, AS NIGHT CLOSED IN ON THE RAMSHACKLE FARM HOUSE, ROY SAT NEAR THE FIRE! OUTSIDE, THE RAIN BEAT INCESSANTLY ON THE ROTTED ROOF! SUDDENLY, THE DISTANT SOUND OF TOM-TOMS BEGAN AGAIN...

WHAT'S *THAT?* *DRUMS!* BAH! IT'S ONLY MY *IMAGINATION!* THE OLD MAN'S GOT *ME* JUMPY NOW!

BUT THE STEADY DRUMMING OF THE TOM-TOMS SEEMED TO DRAW CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE OLD FARMHOUSE! ROY BEGAN TO SHIVER! FEAR CLUTCHED AT HIS HEART! A COLD CHILL RAN UP HIS SPINE! SUDDENLY THERE WAS A HEAVY POUNDING ON THE DOOR...

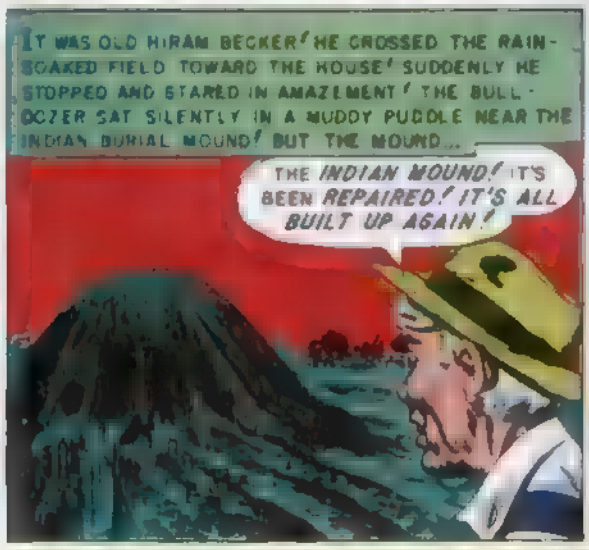
THUMP! THUMP!

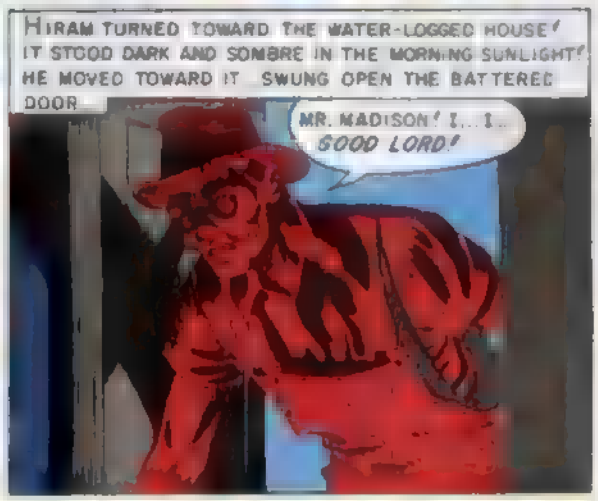
SOMEONE OUTSIDE. GUESS OLD HIRAM'S COME BACK!

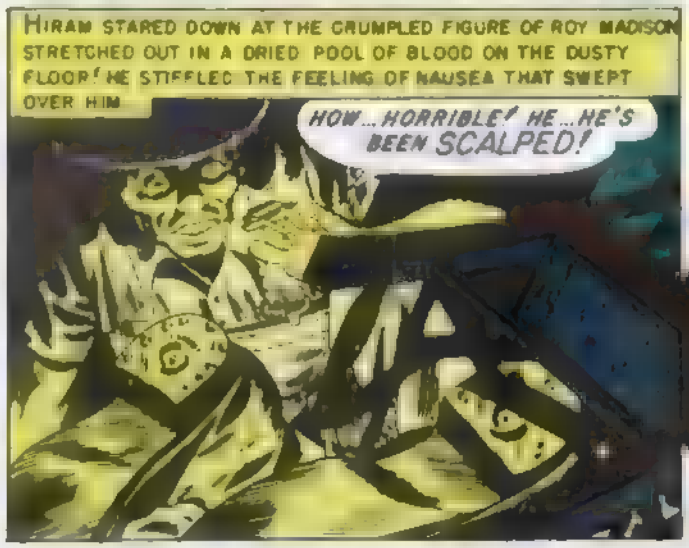
ROY FLUNG OPEN THE BATTERED DOOR AND GAZED OUTSIDE INTO THE BLACKNESS...
THAT YOU, HIRAM? I THOUGHT YOU'D THINK... IT... OH MY GOD! NO! NO!

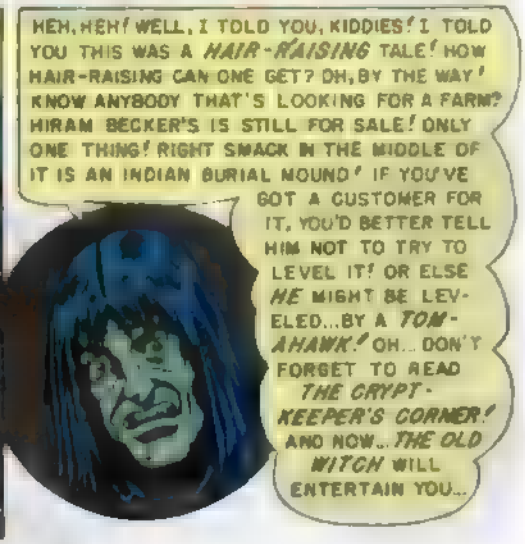
AMID THE STEADY THROBBING OF THE RAIN CAME A CLEAR UNMISTAKABLE SOUND... THE BLOOD-CURDLING SHRIEK OF ROY MADISON...
AAAAAAAAAAGHH!

AS THE SUN ROSE OVER THE OLD FARM, THE SKY HAD CLEARED! HERE AND THERE, PUDDLES OF WATER ATTESTED TO THE FACT THAT IT HAD RAINED ALL THAT NIGHT! A LONE FIGURE MOVED DOWN THE MUDDY ROAD...
I WONDER IF MR. MADISON'S SORE AT ME! GUESS I'M OUT OF A JOB...


IT WAS OLD HIRAM BECKER! HE CROSSED THE RAIN-SOAKED FIELD TOWARD THE HOUSE! SUDDENLY HE STOPPED AND STARED IN AMAZEMENT! THE BULLDOZER SAT SILENTLY IN A MUDDY PUDDLE NEAR THE INDIAN BURIAL MOUND! BUT THE MOUND...
THE INDIAN MOUND! IT'S BEEN REPAIRED! IT'S ALL BUILT UP AGAIN!


HIRAM TURNED TOWARD THE WATER-LOGGED HOUSE! IT STOOD DARK AND SOMBRE IN THE MORNING SUNLIGHT! HE MOVED TOWARD IT... SWUNG OPEN THE BATTERED DOOR...
MR. MADISON! I... I... GOOD LORD!

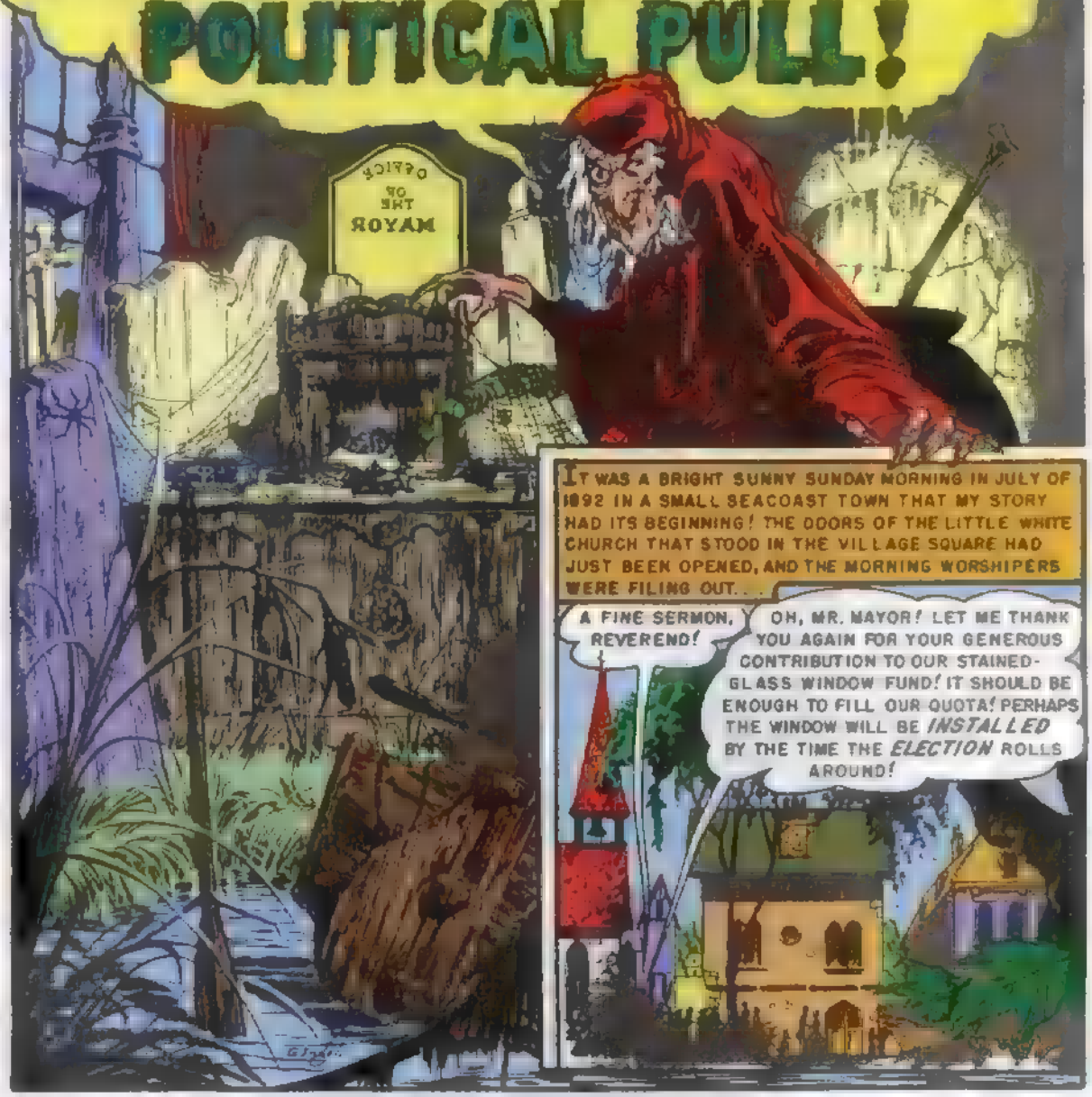

HIRAM STARED DOWN AT THE CRUMPLED FIGURE OF ROY MADISON STRETCHED OUT IN A DRIED POOL OF BLOOD ON THE DUSTY FLOOR! HE STIFFLED THE FEELING OF NAUSEA THAT SWEPT OVER HIM...
HOW... HORRIBLE! HE... HE'S BEEN SCALPED!

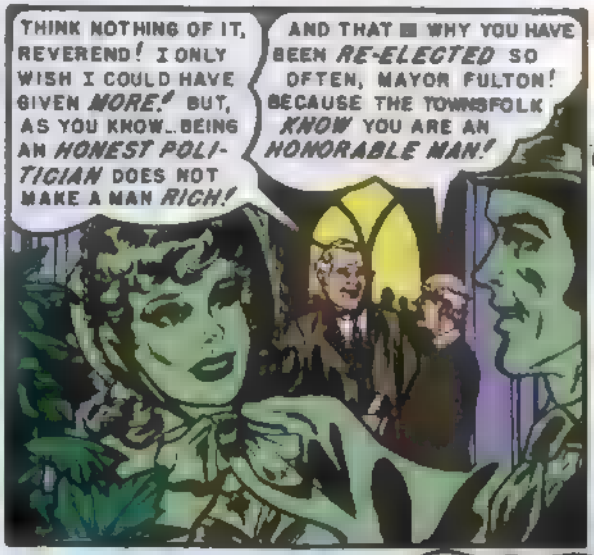

HEH, HEH! WELL, I TOLD YOU, KIDDIES! I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A HAIR-RAISING TALE! HOW HAIR-RAISING CAN ONE GET? OH, BY THE WAY! KNOW ANYBODY THAT'S LOOKING FOR A FARM? HIRAM BECKER'S IS STILL FOR SALE! ONLY ONE THING! RIGHT SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF IT IS AN INDIAN BURIAL MOUND! IF YOU'VE GOT A CUSTOMER FOR IT, YOU'D BETTER TELL HIM NOT TO TRY TO LEVEL IT! OR ELSE HE MIGHT BE LEVELED... BY A TOMAHAWK! OH... DON'T FORGET TO READ THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER! AND NOW... THE OLD WITCH WILL ENTERTAIN YOU...

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! YEP! THE FIRE'S CRACKLING UNDER MY *CAULDRON!* THE EVIL BREW, BUBBLING AND GURGLING, IS JUST ABOUT FINISHED! *COME IN!* COME INTO *THE HAUNT OF FEAR!* I AM YOUR HOSTESS...*THE OLD WITCH*...READY TO DISH OUT ANOTHER OF MY DELICIOUS *MORSELS OF MADNESS!* GOT YOUR *DROOL-CUPS* FASTENED SECURELY? GOOD! THEN I'LL BEGIN THE *TERRORIZING TALE* I CALL...

POLITICAL PULL!




THINK NOTHING OF IT, REVEREND! I ONLY WISH I COULD HAVE GIVEN *MORE!* BUT, AS YOU KNOW...BEING AN *HONEST POLITICIAN* DOES NOT MAKE A MAN *RICH!*
AND THAT IS WHY YOU HAVE BEEN *RE-ELECTED* SO OFTEN, MAYOR FULTON! BECAUSE THE TOWNSFOLK *KNOW* YOU ARE AN *HONORABLE MAN!*

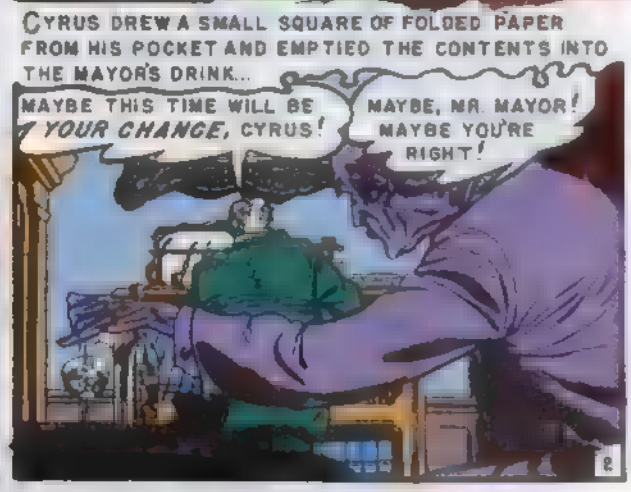
MEANWHILE...NEARBY... CYRUS MANGATE, MAYOR JED FULTON'S OPPONENT IN THE COMING ELECTION, SNARLED TO HIMSELF...
HMMPH! LOOK AT HIM! *RIGHTEOUS OLD STUFFED-SHIRT!* THREE TIMES HE'S BEATEN ME FOR THE MAYORALTY! *THREE TIMES!* BUT THIS TIME... *THIS* TIME WILL BE *DIFFERENT*...

AFTER THE USUAL SUNDAY MORNING GREETINGS AND IDLE CHATTER WAS FINISHED, MAYOR FULTON MADE HIS WAY HOME...
MAYOR FULTON! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
AH! MY WORTHY OPPONENT... MR. MANGATE!

I'D LIKE TO HAVE A *TALK* WITH YOU, SIR! IT'S VERY *IMPORTANT!*
WHY NOT HAVE *LUNCH* WITH WITH ME, MR. MANGATE? MY *SERVANT* HAS *THE DAY OFF*... AND I'D *WELCOME* THE *COMPANY!*

I'D BE DELIGHTED TO, SIR! ARE YOU SURE...
NO TROUBLE, MANGATE! NO TROUBLE AT ALL! WHILE WE ARE DINING, WE CAN TALK...

LATER...AFTER THE TWO POLITICAL OPPONENTS HAD EATEN A HEARTY MEAL...LAUGHING ABOUT PAST ELECTIONS, MR. MANGATE PROPOSED A TOAST...
LET'S DRINK TO *THIS* ELECTION, JED! I KNOW I CAN'T *BEAT* YOU...
NONSENSE, CYRUS! YOU CAN'T TELL...


CYRUS DREW A SMALL SQUARE OF FOLDED PAPER FROM HIS POCKET AND EMPTIED THE CONTENTS INTO THE MAYOR'S DRINK...
MAYBE THIS TIME WILL BE *YOUR CHANCE*, CYRUS!
MAYBE, MR. MAYOR! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT!

HERE YOU ARE! WELL...
MAY THE BEST MAN WIN!
MAYOR FULTON DRAINED HIS GLASS! CYRUS STUDIED HIM...
PHEW! BAH! WINE'S BAD! POOR VINTAGE! TASTED BITTER!
IT TASTES ALL RIGHT TO ME, JED!
THE TOWNSFOLK HAVE ALWAYS RESPECTED YOU, HAVEN'T THEY, JED? THEY'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE AN HONORABLE... GOD-FEARING... RIGHTEOUS MAN!
THAT'S RIGHT, CYRUS! I...I...
AND WHEN YOU DIE, YOU SPECT THEY'LL GIVE YOU A RIGHT NICE FUNERAL, EH?
WHY NOT? I... WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? I FEEL...FUNNY!
BUT IF THEY THOUGHT YOU COMMITTED SUICIDE... AND LEFT A NOTE CONFESSING GRAFT AND CORRUPTION... THEY'D BE PRETTY SORE AT YOU, EH? YOU MIGHT NOT GET A DECENT BURIAL...
MANGATE! WHAT... WHAT...HAVE YOU... DONE...TO...ME?
I'VE POISONED YOU...YOU RIGHTEOUS OLD FOOL! AND SEE THIS? IT'S YOUR CONFESSION...YOUR SUICIDE NOTE!
NO...NO... I...I...
MAYOR FULTON SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR...DEAD...
NOW, WE'LL SEE, JED! WE'LL SEE WHAT THE TOWN THINKS OF YOU AFTER THIS! I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS NOTE AND THE EMPTY POISON PACKET ON THE TABLE... CLEAR UP ANY EVIDENCE OF MY BEING HERE...AND LEAVE!

AFTER CAREFULLY REMOVING ANY TRACES OF HIS HAVING VISITED THE MAYOR'S HOUSE, CYRUS MANGATE SLIPPED OUT... UNSEEN.

HEH, HEH! WELL, JED! I GUESS THIS CINCHES *MY ELECTION* AND *RUINS YOUR SPOTLESS REPUTATION*...

INSIDE THE HOUSE THE DRAFT FROM THE DOOR SWEPT THE SUICIDE NOTE AND THE POISON PACKET FROM THE TABLE

THEY FLEW ACROSS THE ROOM COMING TO REST BENEATH A BOOKCASE...

HEE, HEE! YEP! CYRUS'S PLAN GOT FOULED! THE OLD BAG OF WIND DIDN'T COUNT ON A *SLIGHT BREEZE!* ANYWAY, WHEN THE SERVANT DISCOVERED MAYOR FULTON'S BODY AND THE SUICIDE NOTE WAS NOT FOUND WITH IT... AN AUTOPSY WAS PERFORMED...

HE'S BEEN *POISONED!* IT... *IT'S MURDER!*

WHO... WHO COULD HAVE *DONE* IT? THE WHOLE TOWN *LOVED* AND *RESPECTED* HIM!

OH, WHAT A FUNERAL THEY GAVE POOR MAYOR FULTON! EVERYBODY IN THE TOWN TURNED OUT TO MOURN HIS PASSING...

HE WAS A *GOOD MAN!*

THE *BEST MAYOR* THIS TOWN EVER HAD!

WE'LL *GET* THE SKUNK THAT DID THIS!

CYRUS WAS AT THE FUNERAL, TOO! THERE WERE MANY SUSPECTING GLANCES THROWN IN HIS DIRECTION...

I... I CAN'T *UNDERSTAND* IT! THEY... DIDN'T *FIND* THE *SUICIDE NOTE!* WHAT COULD HAVE *HAPPENED*...

AND NOW WE COMMIT HIS BODY TO ITS FINAL RESTING PLACE...

THEN, TWO DAYS AFTER THE FUNERAL, AS THE LOCAL POLICE WERE INVESTIGATING THE MAYOR'S DEATH...

HEY! LOOK AT *THIS!* I FOUND IT UNDER THE *BOOK-CASE!* WHY... IT'S A *SUICIDE NOTE!* IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF THIS TABLE...

AT FIRST, THE TOWNSFOLK WERE SHOCKED AT THE NEWS THAT THE MAYOR'S DEATH WAS A SUICIDE...

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

WHY SHOULD HE *DO* SUCH A THING?

THE POLICE SAY THE NOTE CONFESSES *STEALING*.

SOON, HOWEVER, CYRUS MANGATE HAD WORKED THE SHOCK INTO ANGER...

...AND WE *TRUSTED* HIM ALL THESE YEARS! *BELIEVED* IN HIM! NEVER *DOUBTED* HIS *HONESTY!* AND NOW HE LIES THERE, AMONG *DECENT PEOPLE*...IN THE *CHURCH BURYIN' GROUNDS!* ARE YOU GOING TO *STAND FOR THAT? ARE YOU?*

HE *COMITTED SUICIDE!* THAT'S A *SIN!* HE DON'T *BELONG* IN OUR CEMETERY..

YEAH! LET'S GET HIM *OUT*...

THAT'S RIGHT! SUICIDE'S A *SIN*...

ALL THESE YEARS... *POSING* AS AN *UPSTANDING, GOD-FEARIN' MAN*...

AND ALL THE TIME *STEALIN'*...

THE ANGRY MOB MOVED INTO THE CEMETERY SHOOTING CLUBS-ING LED BY CYRUS MANGATE...

WE'LL TOSS 'IM IN THE *SEA*...

AIN'T NO ROOM IN OUR BURYIN' GROUNDS FOR A *SINNER*...

ANXIOUS HANDS WIELDED SPADES AND SHOVELS... DIGGING UP THE FRESH GRAVE...

THERE! YOU'VE *STRUCK* THE *COFFIN*...

LET'S GET THE *ROPES* ON IT AND HAUL 'IM UP!

THE COFFIN WAS CARRIED TO THE WATERFRONT WHERE IT WAS WRAPPED IN CHAINS TO WEIGHT IT...

THERE! THAT OUGHT TO SINK FAST!

PUT IT ABOARD! WE'LL TAKE 'IM OUT AND DUMP 'IM!

THE WEIGHTED COFFIN CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF JED FULTON WAS TAKEN OUT TO SEA AND THROWN OVERBOARD...

ONE...TWO... *THRE-E-E-E-E!*

GOOD RIDDANCE!

AT ELECTION TIME, CYRUS MANGATE WAS UNOPPOSED! HE WAS UNANIMOUSLY ELECTED MAYOR

HEH! HEH! NOW I HAVE *EVERYTHING I WANT!* EVERYTHING I'VE WANTED FOR *TWELVE YEARS*...

...AND RIGHTEOUS OLD *JED FULTON'S NAME* HAS BEEN *SMEARED GOOD!* NOW HE LIES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA...NOT *GOOD ENOUGH* TO BE BURIED IN THE CHURCH CEMETERY...

AND SO, THE YEAR PASSED! THE TOWN SOON FORGOT JED FULTON! ONE WARM SUMMER DAY...

HOWDY, MAYOR!

HOWDY, CLEM! LIKE TO COME ALONG? I'M GOIN' FISHIN'!

SORRY, MAYOR! MARTHA'S WAITIN' ON ME! I GUESS YOU'LL WANT A ROW-BOAT!

YEP! I AIM TO CATCH ME A MESS OF PORGIES!

WHEN MAYOR CYRUS MANGATE HAD REACHED HIS FAVORITE FISHING SPOT, HE TOSSED OVER THE ANCHOR! AFTER AN HOUR...WITH NO BITES... HE LOOKED AROUND...

HMMM! FISH AIN'T BITIN'! LOOKS LIKE A *STORM COMIN' UP!* I'D BETTER QUIT FOR TODAY!

CYRUS BEGAN TO HAUL AT THE ANCHOR ROPE! THE ANCHOR REFUSED TO COME UP! IT WAS STUCK...

THAT'S FUNNY! THAT THERE'S A *SANDY BOTTOM!* AIN'T NO *ROCKS* DOWN THERE! UGGH!

AS CYRUS STRUGGLED WITH THE ANCHOR ROPE, HE KNOCKED THE OARS OVERBOARD...
UGGH! I...I...BLAST IT! THERE GO THE OARS!
THE WIND BEGAN TO BLOW AND THE SKY DARKENED! CYRUS CURSED HIS CLUMSINESS AT HAVING LOST HIS OARS...
I'D BETTER NOT OUT MYSELF ADRIFT! I MIGHT BE BLOWN OUT TO SEA...
SOON THE FULL FURY OF THE STORM LASHED AT THE TINY ROWBOAT! IT TOSSED AND SWUNG ABOUT! CYRUS STARED AT THE ANCHOR ROPE...
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT'S CAUGHT ON... BUT ANYWAY I HOPE IT HOLDS! I...I... WHAT'S THAT?
CYRUS HAD CAUGHT SIGHT OF SOMETHING WHITE JUST BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE WATER NEAR THE ANCHOR ROPE! HE STARED INTO THE DARKNESS! SUDDENLY HE GASPED! A ROTTED HAND REACHED UP OVER THE SIDE OF THE STORM-TOSSED ROWBOAT...
GOOD LORD! WHO... WHO ARE YOU?
SUDDENLY THE FOUL-SMELLING STENCH OF WATER-ROTTED FLESH SEARED CYRUS'S NOSTRILS! A FISH-PITTED FACE APPEARED... THEN A ROTTED NECK... DECAYED SHOULDERS...
NO...NO! IT CAN'T BE...
A WHITENED HAND SHOT FORWARD... GRASPING CYRUS BY THE LEG! THEN THE THING BEGAN TO PULL! THE THING WAS STRONG! CYRUS COULDN'T HOLD ON! HE FELT HIMSELF SLIDING OVERBOARD...
JED! LET ME GO! LET ME GO! EEEAAAAGH!
AND SO, WITH A GURGLE AND A GULP, MY STORY ENDS! POOR CYRUS! HE DIDN'T END UP IN THE NICE, NEAT LITTLE CEMETERY BEHIND THE SMALL WHITE CHURCH, EITHER! WELL... IT'S LIKE ONE OF THE TOWNSFOLK SAID! THERE WASN'T ROOM THERE FOR SINNERS! WHAT'S THAT? WHAT ABOUT JED? HE WAS NO SINNER? OH, BUT HE WAS! THOSE THINGS IN THE SUICIDE NOTE WERE TRUE! C'MON! DID YOU EVER MEET AN HONEST POLITICIAN? HEE, HEE!

SUBSCRIBE!

AND GET ANY OR ALL OF THE FABULOUS **EC COMICS** DELIVERED DIRECT TO YOUR CRYPT, VAULT, HAUNT OR HOUSE IN A STOUT, ILLUSTRATED MANILA ENVELOPE!

GEMSTONE PUBLISHING
PO BOX 469
WEST PLAINS, MO 65775
417-256-2224
or call 1-800-EC CRYPT

START MY 4-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FOLLOWING **EC COMICS:**

- ☐ CRYPT
- ☐ VAULT
- ☐ HAUNT
- ☐ WEIRD SCIENCE
- ☐ WEIRD FANTASY
- ☐ INCREDIBLE SF
- ☐ SHOCK
- ☐ TWO-FISTED
- ☐ CRIME

NAME & ADDRESS:

REMIT $8 EACH ($12 OUTSIDE US IN US FUNDS)
DON'T CUT IF YOU DON'T WANT TO.
PHOTOCOPY OR YOUR OWN PAPER OKAY!

ALL SUBS START WITH "NEXT" ISSUE
PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6.225% SALES TAX
MARYLAND RESIDENTS MUST ADD 5% SALES TAX

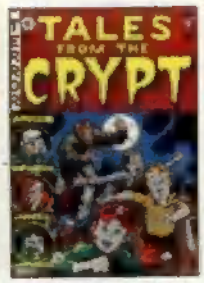
YET MORE EC COMICS!!

FOR APPROXIMATELY A YEAR, GLADSTONE PUBLISHED A LINE OF **EC** REPRINT COMICS CONSISTING OF THE TITLES SHOWN BELOW. EACH ISSUE CONTAINED 64 PAGES IN FULL COMIC BOOK COLOR, THE FIRST 32 FROM THE 'KEY' TITLE AND THE LAST 32 FROM A SECOND TITLE. IN ADDITION, THERE ARE OCCASIONAL ARTICLES ABOUT THE MACABRE IN LITERATURE, A THEN-CURRENT LETTER COLUMN AND OTHER READER-WRITTEN FEATURES.

RUSS COCHRAN NOW HAS THE ENTIRE BACKSTOCK OF GLADSTONE'S EC REPRINT LINE! **EVERY ISSUE** IS IN STOCK AND AVAILABLE FOR IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT. COMPLETE YOUR **EC** COLLECTION BY PURCHASING THESE COMICS!

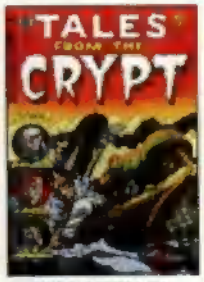
GLAD CRYPT #1

GLAD CRYPT #2

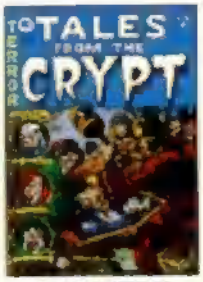


GLAD CRYPT #3

GLAD CRYPT #4



GLAD CRYPT #5



GLAD CRYPT #6

GLAD VAULT #1

GLAD VAULT #2

GLAD VAULT #3

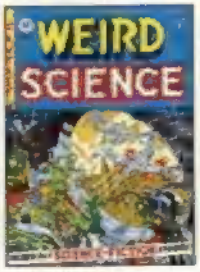
GLAD VAULT #4

GLAD VAULT #5

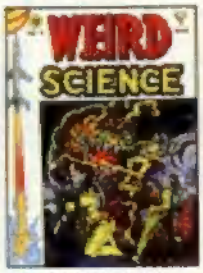
GLAD VAULT #6

GLAD WEIRD #1

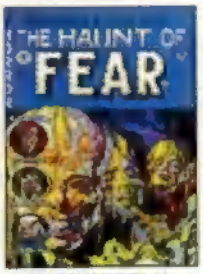
GLAD WEIRD #2



GLAD WEIRD #3



GLAD WEIRD #4



GLAD HAUNT #1

GLAD HAUNT #2

CONTENTS OF GLADSTONE EC COMICS

GLAD CRYPT
#1: CRYPT 33 (1952) CRIME 17 (1953)
#2: CRYPT 35 (1953) CRIME 18 (1951)
#3: CRYPT 39 (1953) CRIME 1 (1950)
#4: CRYPT 18 (1950) CRIME 16 (1953)
#5: CRYPT 45 (1954) CRIME 5 (1951)
#6: CRYPT 42 (1954) CRIME 27 (1955)

GLAD VAULT
#1: VAULT 34 (1953) HAUNT 1 (1950)
#2: VAULT 27 (1952) HAUNT 18 (1953)
#3: HAUNT 22 (1953) VAULT 13 (1950)
#4: VAULT 23 (1952) HAUNT 13 (1952)
#5: VAULT 19 (1951) W FAN 8 (1951)
#6: VAULT 32 (1953) W FAN 6 (1951)

GLAD WEIRD SCIENCE
#1: W SCI 22 (1953) W FAN 1 (1950)
#2: W SCI 16 (1953) W FAN 17 (1950)
#3: W SCI 9 (1951) W FAN 14 (1950)
#4: W S-F 27 (1955) W FAN 11 (1952)

GLAD HAUNT
#1: HAUNT 17 (1952) W S-F 28 (1955)
#2: HAUNT 5 (1950) W S-F 29 (1955)

WHEN ORDERING, PLEASE IDENTIFY AS **GLAD TITLE ISSUE #**: FOR EXAMPLE "**GLAD CRYPT #1**." GLAD CRYPT #1 IS $5; GLAD CRYPT #4, GLAD WEIRD #1 AND #4 ARE $4 EACH; ALL OTHER ISSUES ARE $3 EACH. INCLUDE $5 PER ORDER FOR S&H ($10 OUTSIDE US).

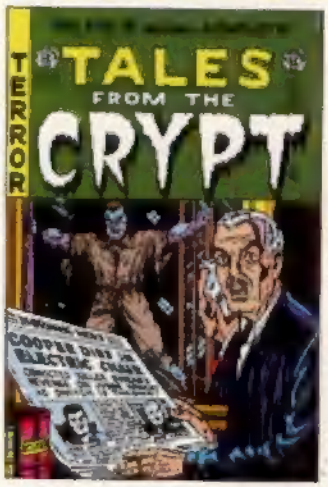
US FUNDS ONLY
MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6.225% SALES TAX
GEMSTONE PUBLISHING 417-256-2224

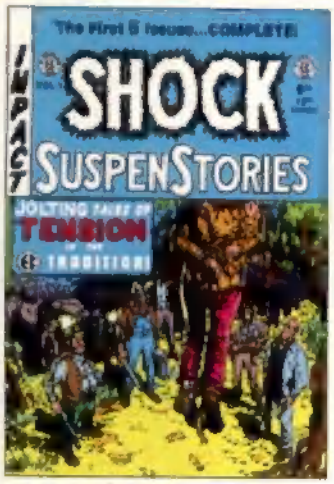
PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE
MARYLAND RESIDENTS MUST ADD 5% SALES TAX
POB 469 WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

OR TO ORDER CALL **1-800-EC CRYPT** AND ASK FOR THE ORDER DESK. **USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!**

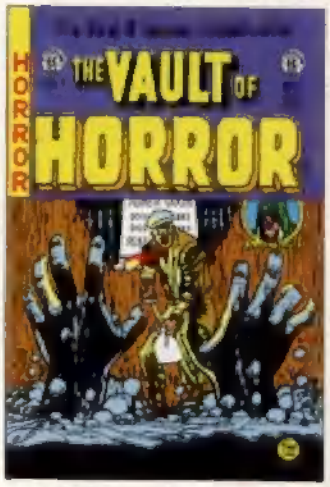
COLLECT THEM ALL!

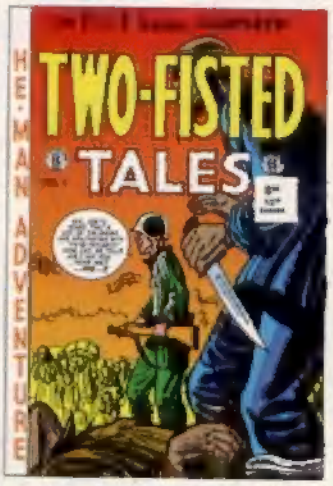
WE KNOW HOW EASY IT IS TO LOSE ONE OF YOUR BACK ISSUES, SO WE'VE PACKAGED THESE NEW SQUAREBOUND "ANNUALS" JUST FOR YOU! EACH OF THE FOLLOWING CONTAINS THE FIRST FIVE ISSUES—COMPLETE WITH COVERS—OF EACH TITLE. SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED SO ORDER NOW!

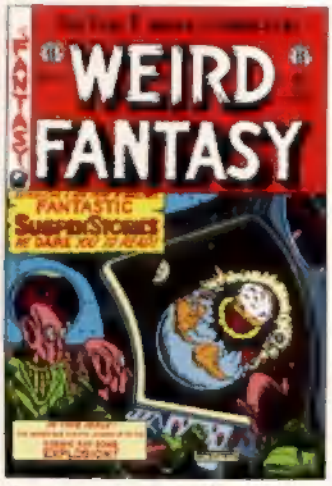




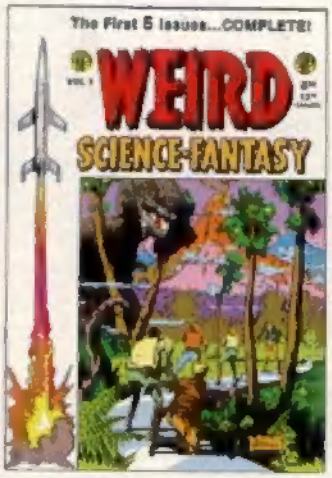
AVAILABLE 8/2/94

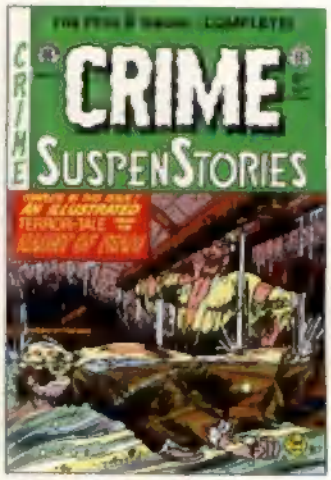






AVAILABLE 9/6/94





AVAILABLE 10/4/94

PRINTED IN U.S.A.